THE PLEASURES OF Matrimony,

Intermix'd with variety of Merry and Delightful Stories.

CONTAINING

The Charms and Contentments of Wooing and Wedlock, in all its Enjoyments, Recreations, and Divertiſements.

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Licenſed,

And Entred according to Order.

TO THE READERS, BOTH Male *and* Female.

AS I hope to be Knighted, it is not that I have more of Partiality or Dissimulation toward the Men, than toward the Women; neither fond Affection, nor Bum Bribery, has induc'd me to these Expostulations; but out of mere Pity and compassion, or rather out of a kind of Disgust, to see poor Matrimony run down, and loaded with such a vast Weight of Inconveniencies, as would be enough to sink a First Rate Frigate, as if they intended to alter the whole Course of Nature, or else to extinguish the whole Race of Mankind. Profusion of Habit, Prodigality of Diet, the Waste of Visits, and the Consumption of Entertainments, all are attributed to Matrimony. Nay, Hippolitus in Euripides is so enrag'd against the Female Sex, that he expostulates with Jupiter, why he did not find some other way to procreate Mankind, than by Creating of Women: For thus says he:

Oh, *Jupiter*! what cause of thy so cruel Hate,
That thou didst Woman thus for Man create?
If 'twere thy aim to propagate Mankind,
The *Female* way ought not t'have been design'd;
But Men into thy Temples should have brought
Or Brass, or Steel, or Gold more purely wrought:
These might'st thou have transform'd, and then should we
Have liv'd in Peace; from Female Fury free.

But when we consider the great Advantages Men have over Women, to plead their own Justifications; when we consider, that Women are not sent to School to be Buttock-flaw'd into Latin, *nor posted to the University to learn to chop Logick, they may scold for themselves indeed, but they shall never be able to wipe off the studied Scandals of malicious Eloquence. Nor are the Men ignorant of this Advantage of theirs, which make 'em improve it to the Height'; and that with so much Injustice and Partiality to themselves, as if they were Saints, and the Woman Devils.*

But the poor Women must not be thus run down for want of a little Logick; rather let 'em bear up to the Bar of Chester; *let 'em pluck up a good Heart, and retort upon their Male Adversaries the Calumnies which they would fix upon their Innocence.*

One Man condemns Matrimony, because he has a Shrew to his Wife, which is only for want of Knowledge; for a Shrew is the best Woman in Nature, and makes a Man both a Poet and a Philosopher; a Combat between an Amazon *with her Skimmer and Pottid, and the Knight of the Basting-Ladle, is a Theme for a second* Homer: *And then she makes a Man a Philosopher, by exercising*

Wedlock for having a Slut; whereas Sluttery is but an Emblem of the Simplicity of the Old World, before Pomp and Luxury came in Fashion. A third banns Marriage, because he thinks himself a Cuckold; and yet there's not One in Five Thousand that cares to be confin'd himself. Another says, his Wife loves Brandy, and therefore storms at Matrimony; as if Bacchus *were not as well Female as Male, and Women had not as much Right to Drink as Men: There's no Deceit in a Brimmer; and therefore let a Woman drink Brandy, and you shall always know the Secrets of her Heart. Upon these and the like Grounds it is, that the Men have got a Trick to lay all the Weight and Burthen of their Fears, Jealousies, Discontents, Disquiets, their running in Debt, their Breaking, all upon the Womens Backs; and Matrimony too, must be arraigned for their Sakes. But should we bring the Miscarriages of Men and the Womens failings both to the Barr of Justice, and weigh them both against the other, 'tis to be feared the Mens Scale would be so heavy, as that you could hardly lift it; and the Womens so light, as scarcely to be felt. Now therefore I would have the Men be but so ingenious, for the reparation of Injuries so long done the Female Sex, as to resign the Government of the World for a while into the Womens hands. I dare be bold to say, we should then have a general Peace: All Quarrels about Religion would be at an end; Gun Smiths and Powder makers might go hang themselves: and then for Brandy-Houses, there would not be one left in the Nation; which would be a blessed Reformation: Therefore that the Men may see their Errors, we have here shew'd 'em their Defects: And for the Women, let them but Justifie themselves according to the Instructions here set down, and then Matrimony will sit Enthron'd with all her Pleasures round about her, freed from all the Calumnies and Reproaches thrown upon her.*

The Introduction.

THere is nothing more desired, nothing more coveted by both the Sexes of Men and Women, than Matrimony; it has been in high Esteem among all Nations, from the beginning of the World. And this desire it was that made *Cain* take such a tedious Journey into the Land of *Nod*, to get him a Wife; for there is a natural propensity in Man to propagate and continue his kind. Now lest this propensity should slacken in either Sex, Nature has furnish'd *Matrimony* with those concomitant and convenient Pleasures and Delights, which render it so charming, that it is impossible to prevent the impetuosity of ardent Flame, and youthful Desire, *Venus*, whom the Poets feign to be the Goddess of Pleasure, Caresses, Delight, and Carnal Procreation, was born out of the Genitals of *Cœlum*, snipt off by *Saturn* in a jealous Frollick, and thrown into the Sea, where she had her Birth without a Mother, from the froth of those Parts; which was done in the Honour of Matrimony, to decide Coition and natural Conjunction: Till that time, they say, that the whole Race of Fish was almost extinguished; but so soon as *Venus* had power over the Sea, then it was that Herrings and Mackrel began to encrease at that prodigious rate as now they do. She was cradl'd first in a Mother of Pearl-shell, to shew that the Nuptial-sheets ought to be without defilement;

upon his Pillow, falls into more pleasing Dreams than ever lull'd *Endymion* upon the Mountain *Ida*. what greater pleasures can a young Wooer wish for, unless it were the Enjoyment it self? But because that cannot be presently had, therefore the little winged Archer diverts his Fancy in these pleasing *Elizium's*, encircled with a thousand flattering Beatitudes.

But this is not all, presently fresh Intelligence comes, that his Mistress is to be such a Night at a great Dancing-bout at *Pin-makers Hall*, *Wine-Office-Court* in *Fleet-street*, or let it be where it will; Cuds-bobs, there's News indeed, it makes his Heart cut Capers for joy in his Belly, and a tickling Pleasure runs through every Vein of his Body; so that when the time draws nigh, on go the Silk Stocking, the new Shoes, clean Ruffles, the long curling Peruke, and his Cap button'd up on one side: If a young Lawyer, he baulks all his Clients; if a young Shop-keeper, he leaves the Porter to shut up; if a young Apprentice, he pretends an Appointment to receive Money, and then he dresses himself at the place where all his Gayety lies leagre. By and by to the Dancing-School he comes, as fine as a Lord, enters the Room, looks for his Mistress; she is not there; by and by she comes, ——but then how he smirks and simpers! What would he have more, unless he were in Bed with her? He is present with his Mistress, he has her by the Hand, the delight of his Soul, the joy of his Heart; he feels her Palm, he whirls her about in a Country-Jigg, and by and by calls for a Kissing-Dance: —Can any Man be so sottish, as to think this is no pleasure to a young

Wooer; Cuds-foot, he must needs have lost his Senses that thinks so. By and by he pretends to whisper under her Hood, and steals a Kiss;--- Nouns and Pronouns, do ye think that's no pleasure to a young Wooer? She sweats, and he wipes off the Pearls from her Nose with a Handkerchief dipt in the Essence of Oranges,-- She sits down to rest her self, and he sits down by her, tells her a thousand pretty Stories, and squeezes her Hand all the while.—Then comes another young Lady, and takes the young Wooer out, as they call it; and then he has an opportunity to shew the roundness of his Calves, the neatness of his Feet, his handsome Shape, and nimble Limbs; for he Dances like any thing,——— because his Mistress is in presence. Then he comes and sits down by his Mistress again, wipes his Face, and with his smiling Eyes seems to ask her how she lik'd him: To which she, with a smiling Eye, and a blushing Cheek, seems to make answer and cry, Mighty well. Then a Gentleman takes his Mistress out,——— and then is he blest with the most charming Sight in the World;——he admires her swimming Carriage,—the holding of her Petticoat bewitches him, and the Celestial Motion of her Buttocks transports him; but the bridling her Chin, and the ruddy Colour in her Cheeks, Ravishes him up into the Third Heaven. Then she comes and sits down by her sweet Swaterkin again, who seems to be transported with Joy, and tells her in her Ear, with, I Protest, and I Vow, Madam, that she Danced like an Angel: Then she wipes her Face, by putting her Handkerchief up in a careless manner, he

takes an occasion to steal it from her, and conveys it into his own Coat-Pocket. Verily, if I don't believe 'twas some Handkerchief-Stealer that invented those Pockets, hang me; they are so very convenient: but then he thinks himself as rich as if he were Landlord of all the Mines in *Peru*; I'd warrant you he would not part with that Handkerchief for all the Silver that was so lately recover'd out of the Sea: for this Handkerchief works Miracles too; it makes the young Wooer a Poet to a Miracle; tho' he never made Verses before, yet he sends her such a Copy upon the Stealing of her Handkerchief, that she never repents the losing it.

But now they take leave of the Company before the Meeting breaks up: Why so? Because Time wasts, and there's more to be done; for as they go down Stairs, the young Wooer humbly beseeches his young Mistress to let him wait upon her to the Tavern; the young Maid seconds him with her Persuasions: nor is the Mistress so obstinately refractory, but that she suffers her self, in the conclusion, to be overrul'd by her Confident; so the young Wooer puts her into a Coach, and away they drive to the place appointed. And now he has her as safe as a Thief in a Mill; - - now he may Vow, Protest, Swear, Lye, and say what he pleases. - Now, if he be a well-bred Youth, and have got his Lesson by heart, he talks of nothing but Lillies, Roses, Coral, Snow, Rainbows, *Arabian* Perfumes, Amber, and Sun-beams; --the Rhenish-Wine and Sugar inspire him; the Neats-Tongues prattle Complements between his Teeth; - Kisses serve instead of Grace before

Table in stew'd Oysters, Anchovies, Lobsters, Tansеys, Tarts, and what not? according to the Time and Season of the Year. 'Tis well there's no more Company, and that their Bellies are not so big as so many Tuns of *Heidelbergh*; for her Presence will admit of no Pinching, there must nothing appear of the Miser in her sight, but all the Signs of Liberal, Noble, Genteel, Careless, Great, and what the Women call a handsome Spirit: For young Virgins, though never so niggardly themselves, love to observe Liberality and Profuseness in the choice, in hopes to have the benefit of Pocketing up the Overplus of their Husbands Expences another day. For the Devil's in some of your young Women, they look before 'em a great way, and are for laying up against a Rainy day, as soon as they have a man in their Eye.

But to return to our young Wooer's Treatment, now you find him all in joy and pleasure, tasting the Cherries of his Mistresses Lips, cropping the Lillies of her Hands, and receiving the *Arabian* Perfumes of her Breath to that degree, that you may well believe him to be in Heaven upon Earth. A' my word, beloved, this is a pleasure in Wooing, not to be slighted ------'tis somewhat costly you'll say------What's that to the purpose? There was a Philosopher that gave above Five Hundred pounds for one Nights Lodging with a Curtezan; if a Fool then spend a Piece or two upon his Darling Mistress, his honest, chaste, vertuous, darling Mistress, is that such a piece of business? Why, there are some Men that would give their Back-sides for such a happiness as this young

Wooer may be thought to enjoy at such a Time.

Well, but now 'tis time to go home, lest the Mother should be angry; for upon my word, 'tis past Ten a Clock: but the Devil helps that Devil of a Chambermaid; for she had so order'd it before-hand, that they are both let in, without knocking at the Door, by the Cook-Wench, who is fee'd to stand Sentinel, and Watch their coming home. Thus the Door silently opening, in they slip; up they whip into their Chamber, undress in a trice, and come down in their Night-geer, as if they had been at home an hour or two before: ---- Lord, where ha' you been? (quo' the Mother:)---Lord, Mother,------Lord, Mistress, both together cry they, we have been at home above this Hour: ----- I did not hear you come in, (quo' the Mother;) No, Forsooth, (quo' the Maid,)---- we came in just as *Dick* was shutting up Shop, and knocking in the Door-post.

Thus is all well at home, and the young Wooer returns to his Lodging the most satisfy'd Lover in the World: nor does his Pleasure at all diminish, because the Enjoyment is past. His Mind and Conceit are so full of his last Delights, that he seems to act over the same thing every hour agen. He Kisses her in Conceit, he Dances with her in Conceit, he Drinks to her in Conceit, he talks to her in Conceit: nay, his very Dreams are still new Trances of Felicity. And when he hears the next Morning what a Trick the Maid put upon her Mistress, his heart molds Kockle-Bread in his Belly for joy.

Another has an opportunity to carry his Mistress to *Bartholomew*-Fair, or *Southwark*-Fair:

Why, Pleaſures of the ſame kind attend both Parties, ſtill Pig Treatments, and Pork Treatments: He carries her to ſee this Show and that Show, and the Dancing on the Ropes. He forgets not to carry her to the Royal Oak-Lottery, and to throw away Forty or Fifty Shillings to learn her the manner of the Game. Nay, and he muſt let her ſee him Raffle too. 'Tis a hard caſe if Fortune ſhould be ſo unkind to him, as not to let him preſent his Miſtreſs with a good piece of Plate, or a Looking-Glaſs in a Tortoiſe-Shell Frame. They'll be his own again, when once they are Married.

In Summer, if the Weather be fair, he attends her in the Forenoon to Church, in the Afternoon to *Iſlington*, where he ſpares for no Coſt in Bottle-Ale, Stew'd-Pruens, Cakes, Tarts, and Gammons of Bacon. So that ſtill there's nothing but Pleaſure and Plenty in Wooing: Nay, and if ſhe require it, he muſt not ſcruple to borrow her a Pad-Nag, and a Side-Saddle, and Gallop her to the Camp. For ſhe that is (perhaps) to bring many Soldiers into the World, ought not to be ignorant what 'tis to be a Soldier. Perhaps ſhe does it to try his Obedience and Affection, and then, Cuds-foot, a Denyal would ſpoil all: For we muſt not deny, but that a young Wooer may be a wretched, miſerable, dejected, forlorn Creature: But then it muſt be either his own or Nature's fault. As when his Miſtreſs looks upon him to be a Fool, or half-witted Fellow; a niggardly, cloſe-fiſted, narrow-ſoul'd Raſcal: or if ſhe finds that he wants Money, ſhe then piſſes upon him for

own, and the young Raw-bones be handsome and *Roman*-Nos'd; for then tho' he should happen to be her Father's Groom, or his Butler, she may chance to take an Affection to him, and then he's happy again.

If the fault be Nature's, then perhaps he proves to be Blear-ey'd, Hunch-back'd, Baker-legg'd, Tutt-mouth'd, or the like: And then he is not so pleasing, unless his Purse gingle; then she loves his Estate, not his Person; then she marries his Fortune, not the Man himself; proceeds warily, and trusts her Parents to make the Bargain for her, and bids 'em be sure to get her a good Joynture, and to take care it be sure setled. However, 'tis a great pleasure to such a piece of Deformity, that he has an Estate to buy him a handsome, proper Wife. 'Tis true, there are some Virgins that admire Men for their Wisdom, tho' they meet with it in a Case as ugly as *Esop*'s, but they are but very few; you may lock 'em all in a Closet no bigger than *Little-Ease*. We have romag'd History, and can light but upon one; and this one single Phœnix fell so in love with a great Philosopher, that she told her Parents she would kill her self, unless she might have him. The Father and Mother were very loth to lose their Daughter, and yet were as loth to bestow her upon the Philosopher, because they knew him to be a needy, beggarly, poor Scholar, tho' a Man of deep Wisdom, and very great Learning. Well, the Maid would have no denial; she would have him, or no body in the World. On the other side, the Philosopher, to divert her

the Maid; Troth, Mistress (quoth he) if you will have me for your Husband, you must take me with this Mountain upon my Back, and these crooked Legs; and which is worse, my left Hip and my left Arm pit meet almost together. Then he shew'd her his Staff, and his Satchel wherein he carry'd his Victuals, and bid her consider how she lik'd her Estate; besides, he let her know, that he should never love a Wife that would not live as Philosophically as he did. But nothing would do, she would be a Philosopher, or any thing, rather than go without him, Ah! quo' the Philosopher; nay then, Sweet-heart, have at thee by guess; and so spreading his Cloak Philosophically upon the Ground, he put his Philosophy in practice, in the presence of his Wife's Father and Mother, and several other of her Kindred. And when they asked them what he was doing? He made answer, *He was planting a Man.* This Philosopher, if the Story be true, and I have a very good Author for what I say; you may be sure (say you) had eaten shame, and drank after it. But that's your mistake; for he had shew'd her all the Defects he had, and now he was resolv'd to shew what sort of Nuptial-Bed she was to expect, if she married him; so that there was nothing but plain dealing on the Philosopher's side; and for the Virgin, she shewed her self to be a true self-denying Creature, and that for Vertue's-sake, she could have been contented to have been lain withal, in the way of Honesty; upon the bare ground, had her Philosopher so pleased. Truly I could not omit this Story, thereby to teach young Gentle-

men this Philoſophical way of Kiſſing; and to let 'em underſtand how much better it would be, when they carry their Miſſes to the Tavern, to ſpread their Camlet Cloaks, or their Bay-Coats upon the Floor Philoſophically, than to break ſo many Leathern and Turky-work Chairs as they do, to the great injury of the Man of the Houſe.

On the other ſide, if the Man be Handſome, and well built, and the Woman have a Wart upon her Back as big as the top of a Chimney, Legs like your Serpentine Pillars, as Splay Mouth, Red Hair, and an Acron-colour'd Skin, then you may be ſure there's Money i'th' caſe, and it may be, 'tis all her Parents have: So that neither then is a young Wooer of ſuch a piece of Nature's Miſcarriage, without ſeveral Comforts and Conſolations. The Sun-ſhine of her Gold dazles his Eyes, that he ſees none of all her Deformities; the weight of her Bags levels the Hillock at her Back; the Luſtre of her Portion ſtraitens her Legs; and then all Men that love Gold, muſt needs have a kindneſs for Goldy-Locks. By my Troth, when a Man has but little to truſt to, or that his Fortune runs low, 'tis time for him to look about him; and therefore when a Man in ſuch a condition hears of one of theſe Prizes, there's as much Pleaſure in Courting ſuch a Lame, Decrepid Help at Need, as if ſhe were one of the *Graces*. Beſides, there are ſome Men not ſo ſqueamiſh as others: There are ſome will no more keck at a Rich Girl, with her Eyes as Bloodſhot as if her Eye-Brows had been Circumciz'd, than they would at the ſight of a ſlaw'd

piece of Elder. There was a Gentleman had Marry'd a rich Heiress, and when he was to have gone to Bed to her, he was so squeamish, forsooth, that his Brother, a bold *Britain*, was forc'd to Consummate the Marriage: And this for no other cause, but because she had Legs no bigger than Goose-quills, and was as crooked as a Semi-circle; for to tell ye the truth, she was stoln, and they fear'd a surprize, before they could get the business compleated.

But if she be a Rich Heiress, and not to be obtained without stealing, then all the Pleasures of Wooing meet together. 'Tis no matter whether she be to be stoln from a Boarding-School, or from the Habitation of her Parents; 'tis the same thing: there must be a Confident within doors, and a Mistress *Go between* without. Oh! the Matron with a Band-box of Hoods and Scarves under her Arm, is a Parlous Creature. Then come the Comforts and Pleasures of Plots and Contrivances: For there is Pleasure in Danger, especially when a Man comes off with Honour. The young Wooer comes to the Boarding-School, to see the young Ladies Dance, and there takes his first view. There Love, like Tinder, takes Fire immediately; but he comes thither in publick no more. A *Billet doux* first intimates his Affection, and the young Lady that saw him a brisk, trim, proper, strait young Gallant, begins to think him not unworthy her Kindness; besides that, she is in the prime of her Age, buxome and high-mettl'd. Nor can she long conceal the Commencements of her Amorous Inclinations from her Confident; she adds Fuel to the Flame,

heightens her Fancy, and enflames her deſires; ſwears the Gentleman is worth no leſs than Eight hundred a year, and that ſhe knows his Family and where his Eſtate lies. On the other ſide, the Young Wooer fills his Gilt Paper Pages with Vows, Oaths, and Proteſtations; tells her ſhe ſhall ride in her Coach, and gives her fair hopes of being a Lady. Now in all theſe things, there is a ſtrange pleaſure and Titillation of the Fancy. At length the Buſineſs is ſo brought about, that ſhe gives him a private meeting, and then there's Kiſſing and Billing, redoubled Proteſtations, and Vows; he kneels at her Feet, and adores her as his Guardian-Angel: In a word, he tells her ſuch pleaſing Stories, ſuch deluding ſlim-flams (and who can deny the vaſt pleaſure that attends upon Deluſion) that the young Lady is at length fully convinc'd, the Buſineſs is concluded, to the unſpeakable joy of the young Wooer. And now the Cabal have w[illegible]ough to contrive which way to releaſe the F[illegible] Priſoner. At length after many debates a[illegible]ſerious Conſultations, the night being pitch'[illegible]pon, down ſhe is let in a Duſt-Basket, from [illegible] Chamber-Window like a bundle of Fe[illegible]thers from an Upholſterer's Garret, and lights i[illegible] the Arms of her dearly Beloved, who you may [illegible] ſure i carefully and diligently ready, with his Friend[illegible] and his Horſes, to Mount and away: Goodnight Madam; we ſhall ſee you no more, I'm ſure, till you underſtand what's what. Now what greater pleaſure can there be to a young Lover than thus to ſucceed in an Enterprize of ſo much difficulty.

But now ſuppoſe the Wooer be a perſon of more ſober years, drawing dry-foot, after a Rich Widow, why neither are theſe ſort of Wooers, whether ſtale Batchellors, or Widowers, without their pleaſures in *Wooing*. For as it is a pleaſure to ſtand upon the Foal, and ſee the turning and doubling of a Hare before the Hounds; with no leſs delight, does a cunning VVidow-VVooer obſerve the tricks and ſubtleties of a cunning VVidow; and with no leſs pleaſure does he Study and Contrive, which way to countermine her, which if it be ſo great in making his Approaches only, what muſt his ſatisfaction be when he gains the Fort? Men take vaſt delight in Hunting and Fiſhing, that little care for the Game when 'tis caught. Such is the ſport of VVidow-Courting, where the heat of Youth being over, the pleaſure lies in Conqueſt, more than in future Enjoyment. Men have been Trick'd 'tis true, when they have ſeen ſuborn'd Tenants in Country Habits, bring in full Bags at one door, but not ſeen 'em carry it out at another; and there was but little Comfort in that, when the Plot took effect: But if a Man diſcovers the Plot, then he is no leſs pleaſed with the Subtilty of his VVit, and the good Iſſue of his Sagacity. Beſides there is a particular pleaſure in Courting a VVidow, becauſe he knows what he muſt truſt to, as having had a true Relation before-hand of her Carriage to her firſt Husband. There is alſo another pleaſure in Courting a VVidow, that a Man talks and diſcourſes with a Perſon that underſtands Trap. And thus it is a pleaſure for a man to talk with an Artiſt, in a Science

which he understands himself; whereas it is the most tiresom thing in the World for a Man of Learing to converse with an Ignorant Simpleton. Think you it is not a very great pleasure to a sober Man, to find that he is like to have a *Saint* for his Wife? And certainly such must that same Widow be, that is such a daily haunter of Morning Prayers, and observes her hours as punctually as a *Quotidian Ague*, and saves the Sexton I know not what in Brooms by sweeping the Church with the long Tail of her Gown. Another Pleasure it is, that a Man will have a knowing experienced Woman; one that will be able to instruct him, if he be ignorant himself: Nor will it be his ill-Fortune to go to Bed the first Night, with his Brains full of anxious and disquieting thoughts, for fear he should not find his Wife what he took her to be, a Maid. In a word, Wooing is the most pleasing pastime in the World; it affords Pleasure and Satisfaction to Men of all sizes and degrees: It procures a Cessation of Worldly Cares, and a Truce from Business all the while, though strange to tell, a Man is then about the most serious business of his whole life. Though it last a year, 'tis all the time Holy day. The Divine cannot Study all that Season, all that while 'tis impossible for him to Preach, or if he do, he talks beside the Cushen. And yet he has an advantage, now I think on't, above all other Arts and Sciences; for he may Court his Mistress out of the *Canticles*, if he pleases, provided she be but aware of it before-hand.

The Physician Doats and forgets his Patients. The Lawyer takes hold of the Opportunity.

and dispatches his Business in a long Vacation. The Soldier lays close Siege in the Winter. But let it be Vacation or Term time, Winter or Summer, if the Business hang, and Love be importunate, the Lawyer's never to be found, and the Soldier's deaf to the Call of the Drum. You may as soon haule him to the Gallows, as to the General Rendezvous. *Multa cadunt inter poculum*, they cry, there's nothing certain till the Knot is ty'd.

The Merchant leaves word at the Change, he's gone a Wooing; at least he had as good have done so; for Wooing-time is such a Christian-like Season, that it abstracts a Man's Thought from doating upon all other Affairs of this World. The Infatuated Countryman is in a Wood, and leaves his Plough, Harrow, Sickle, all for Love of *Amaryllis*. The intoxicated Tradesman cannot stay in his Shop for attending upon his Mistress. Nay the very 'Prentice too, that Courts in Hugger-Mugger, is so bewitch'd with *Cicely*'s black Eyes, that he will venture the forfeiture of his Indentures to Dialogue with his Soul's Delight. So violent are the Pleasures of Wooing above all the Pleasures of the World. And therefore in former times *Cupid* is said by the Poets to have robb'd the Gods themselves of their Arms.

Phœbus *his Quiver*, Jove *his Thunder misses*,
His Corslet Mars, *and Helmet pawns for Kisses.*
Jove's *Son laid down his Club for* Nancy-Cock,
And Neptune's *Trident yields to Holland Smock.*
The Chast Diana *will not go a Hunting,*
At the Hour appointed when to meet her Bunting.

——————Or thus:

The Wooing Gods to Cupid *yield their Arms;*
How can weak Mortals (think ye) *'scape his Charms?*

II. *The Match concluded, and the Wedding kept; with all the Pomp and Splendour that accompanies it, and the various Discourses thereupon.*

MEN are generally proud of Conquest, and glory in Victory. And therefore they that have been long a Wooing, to shew that at length they have by the force of Irresistible Gold, or the Charms of their Diligence and soft Language, or the Allurements of Shape and Proportion, or by some other cunning Contrivances, let them be what they will, obtained a compleat Conquest, they are resolved to make a Publick and Splendid Wedding.

Who shall now express the unexpressible Joy of this same Constant Wooer, when he hears the blessed word of Consent dropt from the Coral Lips of his Alluring Mistress? Whatever he is doing, whatever transacting, still his Heart and his Thought are at his Mistress's Lodging. All the while he is from thence, he is like a Diver for Pearl, that lives a while out of his Element, but is forc'd to be drawn up again to recover Breath; in the same manner, the Victorious Wooer is forc'd, whatever his Business be abroad, to make quick returns back again, for fear of being utterly confounded, through the loss of his Heart and his Brains. Besides, there are several fore-running Pleasures that will not now suffer him to be absent a Minute from her by his good-will. For now he has free access

he may Kiss and play above-board as much as he pleases; only there's a little Shame and Fear which cannot be forgotten, because they have not been as yet at the Church. However I would not have him yet a while be so careless of his Heart and his Brains; for there is several things to be done, wherein he will find the assistance of his Heart and his Brains to be very useful, and in which they will have great share of the Pleasure.

Precedent to which, it must needs be a very great Pleasure to the young Lover, to see himself now the only welcome Guest to the House, where but a little before every body look'd askew upon him. The Graver sort receive him kindly, the Younger sort familiarly, so that he is become one of Family already. And it cannot chuse but be a wonderful Pleasure to him, to hear every Body commend his Choice; and telling him withal, what a Vertuous, Careful, Diligent, Kind Disposition'd Wife he is like to have. For you must know, that after the business came to be noised abroad, the House is never empty of one or other, in hopes to be invited to the Wedding.

All this while the Plaisterer, Joyner and Painter are at work at the Sweet heart's own House, to new furbish the Shop, the Bed-Chamber, and Dining-Room; to repair the Wainscot, and Varnish the Stair-Case and Chimney-pieces: And least any thing should be amiss, he brings home his Darling to direct the Workmen, and to see that all things be done according to her Mind. While she is there, the Upholsterer is also sent for to measure the

Room, and to contrive the standing of the Bedstead. And at the same time she orders what Hangings she will have; bids him bring her Patterns for the Curtains and Vallens, referring the rest till she comes to his Shop her self. Nor must she go empty away neither; there's a Treatment attends her; out comes the Silver Tankard, two Bottles of White-wine, a Plate of Sugar, with a Siver Spoon, the best Pewter Dish in his Kitchin, and four cold Chickens, with an excuse for Batchellor's fare, but hoping withall, that things will be better when she comes to have the management of Affairs: Upon which she gives him a gracious smile, and he remains the most satisfied Person in the World: certainly no man can think but that there must be a great deal of pleasure in all this.

Then he carries her home again, where they are both stay'd for, by Mrs. *Prittle-Prattle*, and Mrs. *Twittle-Twattle*, who long to see Mr. *Bridegroom* Elect, that they may be able to spend their Judgments, as they walk home together. Well——and when's the day, crys one; when's the day, crys a second: Laud——if I was so near it, crys a third, I should never be at rest till the business were over: Not so fast (quo' the Mother) I don't intend to Marry my Daughter in hugger-mugger——I'll have her Marry'd like my Child——not among the Rabble at the *Minories*——but with a License beshrew my Heart, yet not at our own Parish Church neither——for that's too near to make any show as we ride along. Truly Madam crys Mrs. *Prittle-Prattle*, you do very well——I like none of your stoln Weddings, not I——For it

may so happen that the Parson may dye, before I may think of getting a Certificate——— and then if my Husband and I should fall out, and he should deny me to be his Wife, in what a pickle must I be? No, no, Madam, you act prudently, make a publick Wedding, and then all will be safe, according to the Proverb, *Fast bind, fast find.*

Then the young Gentleman takes upon him to call the Maid, for he has in a manner two homes for the present; and bids her bring a Bottle of Sack, straight up comes the Maid with a Bottle, a clean Glass, and a Diaper Napkin, and the Mother drinks to Mrs. *Prittle Prattle*; Mrs. *Prittle Prattle* presents her Service to the young Gentleman, and wishing him all happiness; holds up her Dagger-hand and Tosses all up. The Gentleman drinks to Mrs. *Twittle-Twattle*, and Mrs. *Twittle Twattle* Curchees to the young Lady, commends her Choice, wishes her self a Widow, that she may choose for her too; and then takes off her Liquor: as for the young Lady she only sips, and sets down the *Glass*. Now methinks, these are very pretty Pastimes for a young Man——Hang Shop keeping for five or six Months.——The Portion will pay for loss of time; 'tis a hard Bargain else.

But Heavens bless us! there's a great deal more Pleasure yet to come. For the young Man must still continue his Visits, as a Duty incumbent: he must visit her the next day, and the next, and the next, and the next; nay, I know not how many nexts: But that's not a Straw matter, for every next day has still new pleasures attending it. Nay it may so happen

that the very next day, he's no sooner popp'd in a doors, but he sees several Bags of Money carry'd up Stairs, call'd in from the Scrivener to pay his VVife's Portion. Cud's-foot, that's a Pleasure indeed. Then he runs up stairs into his Mistress's Chamber, kisses her and smuggles her again and again, and asks her what Service she has to command him that day? Perhaps he finds her a Bed; and then he kisses her a Bed, and that's another Pleasure; she bids him go into the Kitchin, and she'll come to him presently——So away he goes, and provides her a Mornings draught against she comes down. Presently down she comes; and the Mother, and Daughter, and He, drink all three together. For the Father is a Man of Business, and leaves all to the Discretion of his sober Wife.

Now I'll say that for this Lady, and a Fig for her, she did not, to try his Obedience, enjoyn him a tedious Journey into *France*, for new Modes and new-Fashion'd Stuffs—she did not send him galloping about the Country, for impossible Dainties against her VVedding-Dinner: nor did she capitulate with him for Superiority; nor did she aim at it, that I ever heard of, like the *Northern* Lady, though she went without it, because she met with her Match. There was a certain Northern Knight, who being Young, Brave, Brisk, and Heir to his Father, had several Matches proposed to him. Among the rest, he had the offer of two Sisters. VVhat their Portions? (quoth he.) So——(quoth they.) VVhat their Conditions? VVhy truly, the Eldest was of a Disposition very haughty and [illegible] but very handsome: the Young-

mild and gentle, but otherwiſe indifferent. Gad (quoth he,) if any of the two, the Eldeſt and the Handſomeſt, let her be the Devil. Away he rides, ſees her, likes her, courts her, and concludes the Match. But Madam (quoth he) before we go to Church, there is one Agreement to be made between us: I underſtand your Humour, and therefore, pray Madam, let us be at a certainty: Will you Reign Lady Paramount the firſt year, and obey me all the reſt of your life? or ſhall I command the firſt year, and all my days after be your Vaſſal? The young Fire-drake believing that if ſhe got the ſtart of him the firſt year, ſhe ſhould eaſily rule the Roaſt all the reſt of her Time, made anſwer, She would be Empreſs the firſt year—— Content, (quoth the Knight,) *and ſo they two, for better for worſe*, were Married. But ſhe had better have choſen the laſt Propoſition. For it coſt her three of her Teeth, for thinking to Exerciſe her Authority after her time was expired. 'Tis true, the Lady play'd the Devil with two ſticks during her year, but the Knight had the pleaſure all the while to think how he ſhould nick her when it came to his turn. And ſo he did with a Vengeance, and made her one of the moſt obedient Wives afterwards in all the whole Country; and that was another pleaſure to him as long as he liv'd.

But this Lady did not lay any ſuch imperious Impoſitions upon her deſign'd Husband. She only ſent him for Patterns of Silk, Gold and Silver Laces and Ribbands; or elſe order'd him to attend her to *Pater-Noſter-Row*, and the *Exchange*, to make her own Choice; which

was all the while a pleaſure to him to be always in his Miſtreſs's Preſence, and to find how fond ſhe was of him, that ſhe could not endure him out of her ſight.

Well—— and when they came home again, was it not a great pleaſure to be asked his Advice, which Stuff, or which Lace he lik'd beſt? And when he brings her the Patterns of his Cloth and his Buttons, and asks her which ſhe likes beſt? after that he carries her abroad to help him buy his Cravats and his Linnen: And at laſt, he likes what ſhe buys, and ſhe likes what he chuſes, and ſo there's an unanimous Conſent and Harmony between them; which of neceſſity muſt be the greateſt pleaſure imaginable. You cannot imagine what a pleaſure ſome Men take in ſpending their Money to little purpoſe; but if they take a delight in ſo doing, they have the pleaſure of it, and what's that to any body.

After this, ſhe gives him the Names of her intended Bride-Maids, and what other young Gentlewomen ſhe will have at the Wedding. On the other ſide, he gives her the Names of his Bride-Men, and a Liſt of what Friends he deſires to grace the Solemnity: For (quoth he) there will be Dancing, and 'tis fit the Number of Males and Females ſhould be equal, leſt any of the Gentlewomen ſhould take Pepper i'th' Noſe, for being forc'd to ſit ſtill for want of Company. 'Tis very true, (quoth ſhe,) and I believe it will be taken the more kindly, if you go about and invite them your ſelf. Here is no Compulſion, but ſtill the pleaſure of Obeying the gentle Commands of a Com-

plaisant Mistress; the pleasure of appearing trim to his own and Mistress's Friends, and the pleasure of carrying them the News of his approaching Happiness.

Well;——away he trots, and methinks I see him trip so lightly, and with so much pleasure and gaiety in his Countenance, that I cannot but severely blame the Disingenuity of those that scandalize this pleasing Labour as a Drudgery, and wearing out of Shoe-leather. As if a Man could think it a trouble, or grudge a little pains, to gratifie the Requests of a kind Mistress. Some cry out, he may thence conjecture, if he be not a Fool, what he must trust to hereafter. But I say, there is no such dreadful Consequence: For the *Penny-post* will serve at other times; but upon such a serious occasion as this, 'tis fit the young Gentleman should do his own Errands himself. Besides that, if the Portion be a good round Summ, I think he's well paid for his pains.

You may be sure he does not go for the Taylor nor the Sempstress, they come with a whistle; a Porter will fetch them with a Vengeance. And here's another Pleasure attends him, to find so many People of all Trades courting his Custom, and to observe the Discretion and prudent Thrift of his Mistress, in driving her Bargains with every one. A certain sign of a saving Wife, and a plain demonstration that she's no Fool, to be chous'd of her Money; which cannot chuse but be a great pleasure to him.

Within three or four days the Taylor brings home the Wedding-Cloaths; at what time the young Lady tries them on. Heavens! what a

sight is there? The young *Inamorato* is surprized to behold her, though but in half her splendour; he scarce can think her to be a Mortal Creature, and blesses himself that he does not live in the time when the Heathenish Gods were such Whore-Masters as they were: hold a blow *Jupiter*, quo' he to himself, your Dancing days are done, thanks to my good Stars; else certainly such a *Europa* as this could ne'er have 'scap'd your Celestial Embraces, and I had been the unhappiest Person in the World. But the Gown being on, several faults are found by the Spectators: Here is a Pleight laid amiss; or it sits to full in the Shoulders, and makes her look Hunch-back'd; or it is too big in the Waist: for you must know the Lady is naturally so slender you may span her with both hands; but the confounded Bungler of a Taylor would needs be sowing in Bolsters a little above her left Hip to hide Deformities where there were none. This puts the young Gentlewoman into a kind of a Fret, which causes the young Gentleman to break forth into a kind of a Passion——Cuds foot, quo' he to the Taylor, where were your Eyes? To which the Taylor pleading, that the Bolster Was no bigger than a Wall-nut, and that most Ladies went in a little more or less in that part,——Pox take your Walnuts, quo' the young Hector, does this Lady look as if she wanted Walnuts in her sides: pray take out your Walnuts again, and do your work as you should do, Work-man like, or I'll make you stay for your Money till next years Wallnuts are Ripe. With that the Cloaths are

pull'd off again, and they fall to measuring the Lace, and find wanting from the Petticoat, a Yard and a half, and about two yards from the Skirt of the Gown. Ths puts the Lady in the Dumps: The Gentleman to please her talks of nothing but entring his Action, and swears he'll spend the worth of the Gown but he'll make poor Prick-Louse an Example. But the Taylor telling them he had the rest at home, only he forgot to bring it, all's well again.

Now this is the only Vexation, let Malicious People say what they can, that ever I could find attended a young Wooer before Marriage: However it begets another new pleasure far exceeding the former disturbance. For the young Wooer cannot but be highly pleased, to find an occasion given to shew his Zeal to his Mistress, and his readiness to revenge the injury done her, by the Son of a Whore, Taylor; and to shew her likewise that he could contain his Anger within the bounds of Moderation: For some young Gentlemen would have cut the Taylors Ears off, and flung the Wedding Cloaths i'th' Fire, But what would the young Lady have said then? This Gentleman's too hot for me; if he throw my Cloaths i'th' Fire already, what will he do when he has me? I'll recoil in time. Therefore the young Gentleman did prudently, and he that acts prudently, must always be pleased with what he does, because he finds the good effects of it.

'Tis true, there is a little Contention and petty brangling sometimes between the intended Bride-Maids, about dressing up the Bridal-Bed. But that's the greatest pleasure in the World

to behold; while the young Wooer observes the care of his Friends, that all things within their management be done for the best, to the removing all occasions of Censure and Twittle-twattle. For suppose one of the Bride-Maids should be for *Yellow* Ribbands, and carry it: Fie, cries one, what Colour is here? I never saw a Bridal Bed dress'd up with the Emblem of Jealousie before. Then *Fuillemort* is propounded: A'Laud——Sisters, cries the t'other Bride-maid, that's more ridiculous by half, to prank up a Nuptial-Bed with *Fading Love*. I am for *True Blue*, that signifies *Constancy*; and *Green* denotes *Youth*; put 'em both together, and there's *Youthful Constancy*: Or else, i'my Conscience, now I have it; what think you of *Blue* and *Black*? that signifies *Constancy* till *Death*, Shaw waw, Sisters, cries t'other Bride-Maid, those Colours will never match: Besides, *Green*'s a *Melancholy Colour*: Nay, I have heard of *Green* Colour too; and that's the worst Colour of all: Fie, fie, I don't like *Green* by no means. But the other replying, that she meant *Grass green*, which signifies *Youth* and *Jollity*; the t'other was contented that Colour should stand for one; with which, when the younger Bride-Maid propounded to mix a *Violet*: *Violet*! quo' the Elder, that's as Extravagant; for *Violet* signifies *Religion*: Now, I'd fain know what young Marry'd People have to do with *Religion* a Bed. At last they concluded to mingle a *Gold Tissue* with the *Grass-green*, and so that Chare was char'd.

But the strife was much greater about the Choice of the Favours: upon which there arose a

a very great dispute. Thereupon a Millener is sent for to be at the Cabal, and give his Advice. The Bride her self proposes *Blew*, *Gold Colour*, *Popingay Green*, and *Limmon-Colour*; which is also highly applauded by the Bride-groom, out of a generous condescension to please her in all things; but the Millener objected against *Gold Colour*, as signifying *Avarice*; and *Popingay Green*, as denoting *Wantonness*. Marry, I don't like your Exception against *Popingay-Green*, quo' the Elder Bride-Maid: For *Wantonness* is as natural to new-Married People, as to young Kittens——I wou'd not give a Farthing for a young Husband that would not be *Wanton*; nay, as *Wanton* as a young *Colt*: And therefore my Opinion is, that *Popingay Green*, as a Colour that gives good Instruction to young Married People, is not to be left out. As for the *Gold Colour*, indeed, if it signifie *Avarice*, away with it; for I hate a Covetous Husband. Well, but since there is such a variety in Colours, (quo' the young Bride-Maid,) let me propose a mixture: what think ye of *Flame Colour*, *Flesh Colour*, *Willow*, and *Milk White*? As for *Flame Colour* (quo' the Millener) you have hit upon't extremely well; for it signifies *Beauty* and *Desire*: But *Flesh Colour* signifies *Lasciviousness*; and *Willow*, *Forsaken*. Away with those two last Colours (quo' the Elder Bride-Maid.)——Cuds-foot, tho' I love *Wantonness*, I hate *Lasciviousness*.——And then again, it would be a rudeness to give *Forsaken* to so many young Ladies and Gentlemen in the prime of their Years: Keep the *White* then, and the *Flame Colour*, and put in *Red* and *Sea-Green*. The *Red* is well enough (quo' the Mil-

lener) for it signifies *Justice*; but *Sea-Green* signifies *Inconstancy*: Let the *Sea-Green* serve, (quo' the young Bride-Maid) for the *Top-knots*; it may become some Women well enough. But for the *Red*, I hold it extraordinary significant for our purpose. For if a young Man Marry a young Woman, and don't doe her *Justice*, he ought to be cashеer'd out of the Society of Women. Let me see——*Red* shall stand——and what think ye then of adding to it, *Maidens Blush*, *Carnation*, and *Peach Colour*? As for *Peach-Colour*, Madam, (quo' the Millener) 'tis well thought of——but for *Maidens Blush*, it signifies *Envy*, and *Carnation*, *Deceit*; which indeed might be proper enough, if the Person to be married were a Widow, but for young Virgins that are not arrived at those qualities that reign in Riper Years, I think with submission they are not so convenient. Come, come, (quo the Elder Maid) keep the *Maidens Blush* out of the Brides *Top-knot*, and I think we may wear it without offence: for I fear the best of us all will envy her in some measure, for being Married before us. Sister (quo' the younger Bride-maid) I am afraid we shall never hit it, and therefore we had better refer it to the Millener himself: The Millener therefore being requested to shew his Skill, propos'd for the Favours, *Blew*, *Red*, *Peach Colour*, and *Orange Tawny*: For the young Ladies *Top-knots*, *Flame-Colour*, *Straw-Colour*, signifying *Plenty*, *Peach Colour*, *Grass-Green*, and *Milk white*; and for the *Garters*, a perfect *Yellow*, signifying *Honour* and *Joy*; and so the Debate ended.

Now, do you think it was not a great plea-

sure to hear all these Learned Discourses upon the various significations of Colours? Do you think it was not a great Pleasure to him, to think that the People should read the Ingenuity of his Bride, (for all will be thought to be her Contrivance) in the very Hats of her Attendants? and discover the Innocence, the Love, the Hopes, the Fertility, and Conjugal Desires of his Youthful Choice in her very *Top-Knots*: Hang me if I know what ye call Pleasures of Wooing if you deny these to be pleasures.

Now help me O ye Nine! *Polyhymne*, *Melpomene*, *Clio*, and the rest of the *Heliconian* Gang—yet, why do I invoke a company of stale Wenches, that were never Marry'd i'their Lives? rather assist me *Venus*, *Hymen* and *Apollo*, to declare those unutterable pleasures that are to ensue: For now the Sun with early Beams begins to gild the happy Morning, appointed for the publick Ceremony. Up starts the watchful Bridegroom, to dress himself in all his gaudy Trim. The Bride-Maids that had no time to sleep for washing of their Silver Necks, and pranking up themselves, ready betimes, make haste to the Bride's Chamber; where they find her wash'd and bath'd, breathing nothing but Essence of Oranges and Jessamine; her fine lac'd *Holland* Smock, newly put on, ready for their Virgin-diligence, straight all hands to work; first this, then that, then another fine Gewgaw: till at length attir'd in all her Glory, she ceases to be Mortal, and appears all Angel. Presently, whirl'd in his Coach, comes the Bridegroom, perfuming all

the House with his *Roman* Gloves; asks for the Bride, and going up into her Chamber, with a submissive Knee, adores his Deity, kisses the Lillies of her Hands, sips Nectar from her Lips for his Mornings draught, and then conducts her down into the Room of State, where both prepar'd stand to welcome their Invited Guests, that drop in as it were all together with unanimous Watches in their Pockets, so careful were they to observe the hour.

Thus all things ready, all in comely Order, they take *Coach*, environ'd with a throng of Starers and Gapers, that will hardly permit the Horses to go along. There's a pretty Couple, cries one——there's a curious Couple cries another —— there will be sweet work at night, cries a third——the Shops are full of Night-rails—and what Wedding's this? and whose Wedding's this. The Rabble runs wondering, and the Dogs run barking; but the City Marshal riding before, keeps all off, till the Church-doors are shut.

After a short stay, out they come again; at what time the Beggars gave him Joy; and and then the Bride-groom, for the Grandeur of the Business, throws 'em a small handful of Single Money, and sets 'em all a Scrambling; so taking Coach again, they all return home as they came, or else to some Hall, with the Rabble at their heels as attended them to Church. Now it is a pleasure to be attended by the Rabble; 'tis a mark of Greatness: Great Men count it a great Happiness to be Popular. You see the Bridegroom was resolv'd to make a shew; should the Rabble then have been sullen,

and not come forth to have seen it, all his Money had been thrown away, and he had lost the pleasure of his Expence. But the Rabble were kind, and gratify'd his Expectations, which in my opinion, could not but be an undoubted Pleasure to any Man that thinks it a pleasure to make a shew of himself.

Now you must suppose the Father and the Mother, the Bride, and the Bridegroom, to be all in a great Hall, or a great Room all together, in expectation of a great Dinner. The Guests are all to salute the Bride, and the Bridegroom is to salute all the young Gentlewomen. And I think there's a great deal of Pleasure in that too: I dare say, were he to lie with 'em all at Night, he'd find less Pleasure in that, then in Kissing 'em all at Noon. Nor is there less pleasure in receiving the kind wishes of Happiness and Prosperity, whole Bushels and Sacks full from such a Glorious Assembly. They remember his Father was no Retailer of a Tradesman, and therefore they pour their Benedictions upon him by whole-sale. Nor is the Bridegroom a Clown ——Come, Gentlemen, quo he, What do ye think of a whet before Dinner; 'tis the Fashion now-a-days; from the Church to the Tavern: with that he begins a Bumper, and sees it go round, more especially among the Men; for the Women are spared as the weaker Vessels. There are two Bride-Maids, and therefore he begins t'other Glass; and when that has gone round, is just laying his hand upon a third; but his Bride desires him not to

Drink too much before Dinner, for fear of spoiling his Stomach.

But what? is there no Discourse among 'em? Little to the purpose, as yet——that's all to come ——People never begin to talk, you know, till their Bellies are half full——Hark——What's the matter now? The Shaumes, the Shaumes, ——Dinner's coming up——and by and by the Dishes are Marshall'd with as much Formality as at a Lord Mayor's Feast. At what time the Knot-knitter having said Grace, they all take their Place according to their Parents Degree in the Parish; the Alderman's Son above the Common-Council-man's; the Common-Council-man's above the Church-wardens, and so forth; the Bridegroom at the lower end of the Table: They are so exact, there needs no Herauld to place 'em: And so fall on, Gentlemen.

I shall not need to tell ye, Gentlemen, what Pleasure a Bridegroom may take in Eating; you all know it well enough; but it cannot chuse but be a great pleasure to see all the Table address their Glasses first to his Bride, and then to him; for it is a Miraculous Mark of their respect to him and his Bride: Upon which there attends another very great pleasure to the Bridegroom, if he can but keep himself sober till he goes to Bed. I will not say there passes much Discourse during the first Course; the second produces more; for toward the end of that, a grave Gentleman, with a jolly Red Nose, the Bride's Father's Croney, and fellow-Clubber at the Tavern for his Evenings Draught, begins an Harangue in Praise

of Marriage. He tells the Company, that Marriage was first instituted in Paradise. At which the Religious young Men all pull off their Hats. He tells 'em that Marriage is that, without which the Church will want Pastors, and Kingdoms their Defence. He tells 'em that Children are the Blessings of Heaven, and that the Jewish Women accounted Barrenness the greatest Scandal in the World. Ay, and so do the *English* Women too, cry'd a grave Matron Midwife, an Associate to the Bride's Mother, (for such sort of Cattle as they, will crowd in, if possible, upon such occasions,) and I should be sorry, as well for my own as my young Mistess's sake, that she should prove Barren; for I hope to carry her first Boy to the Font, as old as I am, for my own part, I had eleven Children in eight years; and I dare say, my young Mistress is as likely as I, if my young Master be as well provided as my Husband; which I make no question but that he is. This Interruption being over, the grave Gentleman went on, and told 'em, that Marriage was not only esteemed by the *Christians*, but *Pagans*; and how that the *Lacedæmonians* instituted a great Festival, where all Men that were not Marry'd before Twenty, were to be Whipt by the Women, as Drones, and Persons not fit to serve in the Common-Wealth. And how that the *Romans* Crown'd the foreheads of those that have been several times Marry'd, with Garlands of Palm-Tree. He would have gone on, but that he spy'd a Warden-Pye that made Water in his Mouth, and caus'd him to conclude his Discourse. The Midwife, glad of

the Opportunity, resolved to set a new Discourse a-broach. To which purpose, addressing her self to the Grave Gentleman, Sir, (quoth she,) which do you think to be the fittest Age for two young Couple to Marry at? But the Gentleman returning no Answer, because his Mouth was full of Crust and Pear.——VVhy then, young Gentleman and Ladies, all that are present, mark my words——I knew a Young Man that got a Maid with Child at Nine years of Age: You may call him a Boy, because he was so young; but I call him a Man because he got a Child. Mother, quoth a brisk Lad at the Table, I am afraid the Maid had some other help besides the young Man of Nine Years of Age: And with that they all fell a Laughing; nay, Mrs. *Bride* her self was forced to pull down her hood over her Eyes. Gentlemen, quo'the Midwife, let them laugh that win, but the Story's as true as that I take off this Glass; and so here's to ye all, Ladies and Gentlemen, and send ye good luck. Nay, more than that, setting down her Glass, I have heard of another, that at Ten Years of Age got his Nurse with Child. And I have a very good Author for what I say, if the Report of a very good Scholar that told me the Story be true, Lau-ye now. And therefore I would advise all Marry'd People, not to let their young Children, Brothers and Sisters, lie together, as frequently they do, because they look upon 'em to be but Boys and Girls. If what I have said, may seem strange, I am sure all Physicians will allow this, that Maids are Ripe at Fourteen, and Men at Seven

teen: After that Age both Sexes hone after Wedlock, or something else: And therefore said a wise Friend of mine, *Marry your Daughters betimes, or they'll Marry themselves.* You may think I speak to promote my own Trade, but I protest, Ladies and Gentlemen, I speak cordially what I think.

Certainly this Discourse must be a very great pleasure to the young Bridegroom; first to hear the state of Matrimony into which he was now enter'd, so highly commended by a Grave and Experienc'd Gentleman; and secondly to hear such an ample Testimony given of his Wife's Ability by a sober Matron who had known her from her Infancy but above all, he could not chuse but be pleas'd to hear there were such great Pleasures in Matrimony, that Children not above Nine and Ten Years of Age could not forbear 'em. And the thoughts of these Pleasures overcame him of a sudden, in such a manner, that immediately up he starts, takes a full Glass, and with a low Bow drinks to the Bride. At which all the young Gentlemen rise up, and waving their Hats over their Heads, with a loud Voice, cry'd out, Long live the Bride and the Bridegroom.

We will suppose the Dinner now over, the Cloth taken away, and all upon their Legs: At what time the Midwife coming up to the Bridegroom, and whispering him in the Ear, Son (quoth she) for a *Maiden-head*, I'll warrant thee, Boy: but crop the Flower gently, for fear of pulling up the whole Plant by the Roots——Then leading him to the Bride

young Mistress of mine——A whole Dicker of Boys and Girls Crown her Endeavours, either by Night or Day, and may she live to be a Great Grandmother, and Foundress of an Hospital after her Decease. Then turning to the Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen (quoth she) make haste and follow the Example of this fair Couple——Ah, what says the Song? *Gather your Rose Buds*——I hope I need say no more to yee——Now strike up Fiddles——for at all Weddings there must be two sorts of Dancing——First move Heels and Tails, then Heels lie still, and Tails move——which are the chief Words of Commands in all *Cupid*'s Military Discipline.

The Midwife seeing 'em all ready to lead up: Now by my Troth (quoth she) Pigeons were never better Pair'd: Now if I might have my Will, I'd have 'em all instantly Marry'd as they stand Coupled.——Oh, what a happy day would this be then! By my Troth, I am all for Matrimony. Mischief——Come, come my Masters, *Encrease and Multiply*, was the first Command in the World. Ay, ay, Mother, quoth the Crack-rope of the Company, 'twill come to our Turns all in good time, as the Fellow said, that was to be last ty'd up; and so they fell to work, and there let 'em wriggle their Tails till their Heels are weary; 'twill digest their Dinners. Nor is it less Pastime for the Ancient People, whose Eyes are all fix'd upon the Bridegroom, to see how he bestirs himself, how he cuts Capers and Crosses Capers like a Highlander, how he Dances with his Feet and his Hands like a Toad in a String

and how his Tail and his Head keep time together like a Crow that is pecking of Nuts. Nor has he less pleasure to perceive how the grave Judges admire him, whisper together, and make their Comments upon him. But the Midwife speaks home and loud, God-a-mercy, young *True penny* (quoth she)——there's a Back will never fail Woman, I warrant it.

Thus they Dance on, till Supper comes in; during all which time, there is nothing eaten but with Commendations of the Bridegroom's Generosity, nothing drank but his and the Bride's Happiness and Prosperity; which with a Banquet, and another short Dancing-bout, concludes the work of the day, and now begins the work of the night. For,

After all these Pleasures, comes the Consummation of all Felicity: The Bride and Bridegroom are put to Bed, but let his Concupiscence be never so Rampant, he must have a little Patience; but the Pleasures will recompence it: For the Company know they are never more to see their young Play-fellow in *statu quo prius* any more; and therefore now or never, they must come and take leave of the Bride's Maiden-head. Which done, up comes the Wedding-Night's old Friend, and humble Servant, the *Sack-Posset*; and an ancient Custome of the English Matrons, who believe that Sack will make a Man lusty, and Sugar will make him kind. Besides, the Guests will be treated wher-ever they come, and nothing so proper to conclude, as with a light *Sack-Posset*, especially when two of the Sharers are bound to eat it i'their Beds. Nor can the Bride and

the Bridegroom be rid of this useless *Sack Posset*, till one of the young Ladies understanding that moral Principle of, *Doing as you would be done unto*; instead of throwing the Stocking at the Bride, fling it full into the Bason, and then 'tis time to take the Posset away, which done, they at last kiss round, and so depart.

And thus the two Lovers left alone, you may be sure the Bridegroom is not idle. Those Snowy Breasts which lately he scarce durst lay his little Finger on, he now grasps by whole Palms full; he has now free liberty to enjoy what before his Thoughts durst scarce approach without Guilt.

But now let him wanton till he's weary, or rather, till the Mother and the Midwife come to visit him next Morning, and to see how her Daughter does. Which they are as sure to do, as the Sun shines; they have been at the sport themselves, and therefore know what's good to repair the Losses in Venereal Combats. Well, Son, how is it? (quoth the Mother:) Never better (cries the Bridegroom;) and with that she reaches him a Plate of *Eringo*'s to give his Bride, and eat himself: Then she fills him a full Bowl of Tent with a new-laid Egg in it; which the Bridegroom mannerly presenting to his darling Delight, the Mother fills him out another of the same. The Bride has no sooner drank, but the Midwife is at her, with a whisper in her Ear to tell——To which, for that time, the young Lady answers only with a Blush. But the Bridegroom guessing at the purport of the Question, Oh Mistress! (quoth he,) that's not to be answered till we rise for good and all

you ſee we have taken a new Recruit — ſtay till the Phyſick has done Working, and then put firſt and laſt together. Upon that the Mother and the Midwife go forth again, and leave the young Couple alone as they found 'em. Who both conclude to take a ſhort Nap, to digeſt their Mornings Draught, and encouraging Breakfaſt; but no ſooner are Male and Female claſp'd together, when firſt come the Fidlers and ſcrape him a wicked *Reveille*: The Drums rattle, the Shaums tote, the Trumpets ſound *Tan-ta-ra ra-ra*; and the whole Streets ring with the Benedictions and good Wiſhes of Fidlers, Drummers, Pipers, and Trumpeters. You may ſafely ſay now the Wedding's Proclaimed: In the midſt of which Noiſe, the Bridegroom, unwilling to pay his Muſick for nothing, gets up and Dances to as many of their Tunes as Interval and Opportunity will give him leave. Now is not this a bleſſed Time? Here are no leſs than all four Senſes pleaſed at a time, Feeling, Seeing, Hearing, and Smelling; and for the fifth, of Taſting, it had its turn but a little before. And thus for a whole Week together, nothing but Mirth and Jollity, nothing but Viſiting and being Viſited, beſides a great Entertainment given by the two Bridemen at ſome Eminent Tavern or other; till Time at length jogs the Bridegroom by the Elbow, and tells him 'tis time to look after his worldly Affairs.

Now ſome there are that laugh at all this Pomp and publick Ceremony; ſay that Fools and there Money were ſoon parted; and that

his VVife to pleasure, that 'twill be a hard matter to wean her from it: and therefore there are some that have Money enough, yet so much Prudence to boot, that after they are agreed, without troubling Taylors for new Cloaths, or Semstresses for new Linnen, sneak to Church by themselves, sneak to a Tavern by themselves, make a VVedding-Dinner by themselves upon a *French* Roll and a Bottle of Claret, then sneak to Bed by themselves; and so there's a great deal of Money sav'd, and the Fidlers disappointed to boot. 'Tis a bad sign, when a Young Man is forc'd to tap his Portion to buy up his Wedding Gallantry; for many times the Devil himself can hardly get in the Spickot again.

But to this, I say, let every man do as he pleases, and he will be sure to be pleased. All men have their Humours; and he that has his humour, has his Pleasure. However, this is certain, the pleasures of Prodigal wooing are far more numerous than those of stingy Courtship. All men are not born *Cræsus*'s; nor have all men Money nor Time to keep Open-house; and therefore the Journey-man Carpenter that rose early all the week long, and therefore Marry'd of a *Saturday*, made a good answer to them that ask'd him, why he Marry'd of a *Saturday*? Because, (said he) I might lie the longer a Bed with my VVife a *Sunday* Morning. 'Tis not for a 'Prentice that Marries before he's out of his Time to proclaim his VVedding; yet the stolen pleasure of a VVife, laid up in Lavender, must of necessity be very sweet; besides, the pleasure of putting a daily Cheat upon the VVorld

who believe him a Batchelour, when perhaps he has two or three Children. So that let a Man be rich or poor, prodigal, or covetous; there is both pleasure in wooing, and pleasure in wedding, contrary to that damnable Position of your *Anti-Matrimonialists*, that cry down Matrimony, because they would have all Women be common.

III. *Of House-keeping Expences: Together with several pleasant Digressions.*

HOW do you say, Friend, is there no pleasure in House-keeping 'Tis a bold Assertion, and you shall hear more of it by and by: For now I think on't, my young Married Couple are still at the Wife's Parents; and I must go fetch 'em home, before they get an habit of Rambling.

But that's done to my hand; for Time, as I said before, have given the young Bridegroom an *Item* in private, that the hours have wings, and that Bags will grow empty, unless fill'd again. Thereupon abandoning his Pleasures and Honey-Moon Delights, and that's the greatest pleasure in the World, for a Man to be able to deny himself; he brings home his Wife, puts on his ordinary Weeds and begins to consider what he has to do. And I hope there is never a *Manichean* of them all, but will confess it to be a very great pleasure to a Man to look after his own Business; and if he sees his Wife no less diligent in her Station, that's as great a pleasure as any can be. There's no Man in the World so silly, but that before he goes a-

bout to Marry, he has so much insight into the World, as to know that the best Housewife in Nature can never be able to shew her Art, her Education, and her Housewifery upon bare Walls. 'Tis a thousand pound to a penny, but that in his Batchelour-visits, before he Married her, he might see her, sometimes with her slender Fingers pinching up an Apple-Tart, or most Industriously labouring to make the Sides of a Goose-Pye stand; and in the midst of this her Housewifery-Employment, calling for this and that Kitchen Utensil, as she wanted it, by hard Names that were all Heathen Greek to him. Or else at another time, he might perhaps behold her with a silver Ladle scumming off the Froth from a Pipkin of Damascens, which she was Preserving over the Fire, or else more laboriously tiring her self to make Rasberry-Brandy. And then 'twas his time to have considered, whether such a Wife were convenient for him or no: For he might be sure, *what was bred in the Bone, would never out of the Flesh*; as she had been bred, so she would expect to be maintain'd. He saw how her Mother's House was Furnished; the Kitchen full of Brass and Pewter; the Parlour and Dining-Room neatly accouter'd, and all things trim and proper above stairs: and could he think but that when she was his Wife, she would look for the same in her own House? I would fain know which a rational Man would take for the greater pleasure, to see his Wife always industriously employed at home, or never at home but a Nights, and that not till the watch cries, *Past Twelve a Clock*, neither; but still whip

out of doors, as soon as she gets dress'd, and spending her time at the Play-houses, or else losing Money at Cards, at this or that Gossips House, where she finds Company most suitable to her Humour.

'Tis true, there are some Men that take it for a great pleasure to bring their new Married Wives to a House ready furnish'd beforehand. But others more indulgent please themselves in believing it much better, to spare that trouble till they are Married, and is much more satisfied that he has an Opportunity to let his Wife have the liberty to please her self; believing, as it is but reason, that she being us'd to it, has more experience to know what she wants, than he can pretend to. Now there is no Woman in the World can shew her Housewifery and her Ingenuity in an House where there is nothing but bare VValls; *They that go a Borrowing, go a Sorrowing*, says the Proverb. That VVoman is in an ill Condition, that must be forced to send to her Neighbours for every Skiller, or Stew-pan, or VVashing-Tub she wants, which are many times denied, and as frequently lent with an ill will. But she that has all things necessary about her, need never be beholding to her Neighbours. And therefore, in my Opinion, it ought to be so far from being an ungrateful sound, that it should be like the Musick of St. *Pulchre's* Chimes in his ears, when his VVife asks him for money to buy necessaries. If she aim to be a little more gay and sumptuous than ordinary; that ought to be another pleasure to him: *For the best is the best Cheap.* She becomes the envy of her

her Neighbours that came to Visit her, and her Reputation runs through the Parish like VVild-fire. The brightness of the Bosses of her Fire-Irons, and the glaring Lustre of her Pewter and Preserving-pan, are the discourse of all her Acquaintance; the sleekness of her rubb'd Rooms, and the cleanly neatness of her Carpets, Chairs and Stools, with her Frames rubb'd as slick as the Toe of a new Shoe, are spread abroad to her never-dying honour. All which must certainly be a very great pleasure to an Husband. And then again, when houshold-goods are once bought, there's an end of that Story. Good housewifery and management makes every thing last long; or if it happens that there must be an Exchange now and then, the Expence is insensible, but the supply is obvious and remarkable. VVhat-a-Pox should a VVoman give Three or Four Pounds a Year to a couple of massy fat-Buttock'd Queans, but to keep all things tite and cleanly, one above Stairs, and the other below? 'Tis the humour of Men to love Cleanliness, but they do not love to be within when there is any scrubbing or washing-work to be done; they do not love holes in the heels of their Stockings, nor their Ruffles to hang like Bell Ropes; but they scorn to set a stitch to mend 'em themselves. If then the VVife will take the trouble upon her to see all these inconveniences remedied her self, surely it ought to be a very great pleasure to a Man. Nor is it a *Venetian* Looking-glass a little *China*-ware, a *Persian* Carpet, two or three Pictures, or an *Indian* Cabinet, that ought to break squares between a Man and h[er]

VVife

Wife. And then for Plate, the more he has, the richer he is. Rather it ought to be a great pleasure to an Husband, that his VVife requires nothing from him, but what redounds to his Honour. For certainly the politeness and curiosity of a VVoman, adds greatly to the Reputation of her Husband; and I am apt to believe, that were it not for the little requisite Pride and Vanity of VVomen, Men would be the most nasty Beasts and Slovens in the World. How like a Paradise such a one's House lies! cries one. It would do your Heart good but to look into the Rooms! cries another. And all judge, that all this could never be, but her Indulgent husband allows it: which must needs greatly redound to his Praise; nor can there be a greater pleasure, than that which proceeds from Commendation. Nay, if it were but for the wholesomness of it, and the prolongation of Life, who would not rather chuse to live in a Palace of an Habitation, than in an Hogstye of an House. In the one he sees the Rooms decently hung, the Beds sweet and clean, and the very Air it self purified by good Housewifery. In the other you find nothing but Dirt to the Ancles; the Andirons rusty, the inside of the Testern all full of Cobwebs, that a Man would be afraid to sleep with his Mouth open, for fear the Spiders should drop in it; go into the Mistress's Chamber, and the first glance of your Eye, gives you the prospect of an open Close stool, and a Chamber-pot full charged, as if the Woman thought all that came from her, were nothing but Civet, and Essence of Orange-Flowers. In the one a

Man

Man lives with pleasure and delight; in the other he goes to his Grave, Poyson'd with the stench of his VVife's Nastiness.

Another thing laid to the VVoman's Charge, is, her lavishing out in Entertainments: As if it became a VVoman of any Quality, to grudge her Friends when they come to see her, a Glass of VVine, and a Dish of Sweet-Meats; which perhaps she was so good an Housewife, as to make her self. The most prodigal VVomen will never give Treatments, but where they are sure to be treated again; and it is not to be thought that a prudent and thrifty VVoman will be less wary. If sometimes she shews her self Generous to those that have been Niggardly to her, it argues that she either did it, to shew that she was better Married than the other; or else to upbraid and shame that want of Civility which the other had been guilty of. I'll warrant the same VVoman shall never taste of her Bounty twice together. I must confess, 'tis no such infallible mark of a generous Spirit, to Entertain, for the sake of being Entertain'd again. Many Women do it, to shew that they live in Plenty; which redounds to the Credit, and consequently the Pleasure of the Husband, and to merit Applause themselves; which cannot but very much please a Husband, when he hears abroad the good use which his Wife makes at home, of his Liberality. If a Man meets with the Vertue of Liberality in his Wife, he ought by no means to stifle it, for fear he meet with no more; for I look upon Chastity rather to be a Duty than a Vertue: 'Tis the Temper of her Body that many

many times renders a Woman Chaste; but it is the temper of her mind, that renders her Generous and Liberal. If a Woman launch out one day for her Husband's Credit, and save three days after for her Husband's Profit, where's the Extravagance so much to be complained of? Besides, if she be a VVoman that makes those great Entertainments you talk of, 'tis to be supposed she does not junket in hugger-mugger, and then the Husband may come in for his share; and take the pleasure of his own Indulgence. He that spends little abroad, and most at home, may well permit his Wife to entertain her Friends, now and then, without Prejudice to his Estate. The Wine tastes as well at home, as at the Tavern; and a Capon may be as well dress'd in his own Kitchen, as at a French Ordinary; and I am sure, with less Expence. That a prudent VVife knows, and therefore is now and then a little more than usually lavish at home, to draw her Husband into a good Opinion of his own House.

'Tis true, there are several extravagant young Coxcombs, that Marry hand-over-head; but VVedlock is not be scandaliz'd and abus'd for the miscarriages of Fools. 'Tis not what Men that have any thing of reasonable foundation to fix upon, spend at home in household-stuff and good Chear, that brings 'em to take out *Duce*'s from the *Counter*, to carry 'em to *Ludgate*, or *Tip-staff* 'em over the VVater; but their Marrying of Wives before they know how to Maintain them. By their bouncing and cracking, and huffing, they get an indifferent Portion with an unwary Girl, as willing to be married

as

as themselves; and while that lasts, they live like Princes; but when all is gone, they vanish too. Their VVives think 'em to be the same Persons they seem to be, and are willing to live at the same Port which their Husbands pretend to. An Ambition in VVomen no way to be discommended, rather laudable, where there is an Estate to maintain it: But if her Husband deceive her, 'twas not the VVife's Ambition to be equal with her Neighbours, nor her free entertainment of her Friends, and many times her Husbands Acquaintance, as well as hers, that occasion'd the Dislocation of the whole Family; but the Folly of the Husband, who did not in time inform her of his Condition. So that the Man may be said to undoe the VVoman, but not the VVoman to undoe him.

Nay, suppose the VVoman be bad, if the Man be so too; if the VVomen be a spend-thrift if the Man be so too; why should the blame be laid upon VVedlock? 'Twas no fault in Matrimony; for, for ought I see, they are both equally Match'd: 'Tis not the Yoak of Matrimony that lies heavy upon the Man, but his own Folly and Vanity, that will not permit him to have any Government of himself, nor his VVife neither. The VVoman is to be commended, *to make Hay while the Sun shines*: You some and I some, is but fair play: She sees her Portion a going, and there's all the reason in the VVorld she should spend her share, else 'twere a very hard Case. The VVoman is not to be blamed for spending her own, when she sees her Husband would spend it else for her

And when all is gone, let them go lovingly a Begging together; and then the Man takes her again for *Poorer*; as he took her before for *Richer*; which still makes good the second Condition of Matrimony, without any Complaint of either side.

But suppose the Woman be a Spendthrift, and the Husband as miserable as old *Stretchley*; yet is not Matrimony to be blamed in this Case neither: For a prudent Man would examine the Conditions of his Wife, before he enters into Bonds. If the Man will carry her to Church, the Parson is to do his Duty. Now I'll warrant you, this was some *Smithfield* Bargain; this was some clutch-fisted Hunks, that would have the young Maid whether she would or no, and her Parents would force her to have him against her Will; and when he has him, she plays the Devil. Truly, 'tis no more than he deserves; were all such Matrimonial *Barterers* so condignly punished, there would be fewer than there are; and if there were none at all, 'twere not a half-penny matter.

I must confess there is a general Clamour against Matrimony, for the sake of expensive Wives. But I say, 'tis for the Honour of the Nation, that Women should go fine. To see so many broad Lac'd Petticoats, so many sumptuous Mantua's, flaring with Flowers of Silver and Gold, marching through the Streets of *London* of a *Sunday*, shews the Riches of the Kingdom. A Chamber-Maid, whose whole Estate is only a light Porter's Burden in a Trunk of an ordinary Size, marked *A. F.* if you see her

her upon an Holy-day, you cannot diſtinguiſh between her and the Miſtreſs. Now all this Bravery muſt coſt Money; and therefore it ſhews the Wealth of a Nation, that a Company of Men ſhould Export ſuch vaſt Summs of Gold to fetch in your *Indian* Riff-raff of unneceſſary Silks and Cheats, and a world of other ſhitten-com-ſhites, and yet that there ſhould remain ſo much Gold behind to purchaſe ſo much Gallantry. Then again, it is a great mark of the Vertue and Chaſtity of the Engliſh Women. For where there is much Bravery, there is much Temptation. For your glorious Petticoats inflame Men with an ardent Deſire to underſtand what thoſe hidden Beauties are that lie conceal'd under ſo much Pomp and Gallantry. But if a hot Cod-piec'd Spark do but attempt to pick up one of theſe fine Birds in a dusky Evening, what do they do? They give him a flap o'the Chaps, bid him go about his Buſineſs, and tell him, They are no ſuch Perſons as he takes them for. There can be no greater pleaſure to a Man, than to have a fine Vertuous Wife.

Thus, my Beloved, 'tis not what your Wives ſpend at home in fine Cloaths and Houſhold-ſtuff, but what you your ſelves laviſh away abroad in fine Gaming, fine Whoring, and fine Revelling: *There goes the Hare away.* If you have but Vertuous Wives, keep cloſe to them, and they'll keep cloſe to you. And therefore, never complain of Matrimony; for Wives are not impoſed upon Men, but choſen: chuſe a Vertuous Wife, and ſhee'll never deſire more than her Husband is able to allow her.

IV. *Visiting Friends, and going into the Country; with an account of the Entertainment and pleasant Divertisements and Discourses thereupon.*

WHY look ye, Gentlemen, it was never esteemed a Crime that I know of, for a Man to Marry into a good Family, neither is there any one Satute in *Polton* against it. For Men and Women do not come out of the Earth like Pompions, but their Pedigrees must have a beginning some where. The meanest Beggar, as well as the greatest Lord, had once an Original Father and Mother, but the Records of Descent are frequently lost, and more frequently not regarded; and as often bloody Wars and Invasions of Countries extirpate whole Families: Lords are made Beggars, and Beggars are made Lords. He's an happy Man now, that can derive his Pedigree from *William the Conqueror*; though some Women whose Husbands are great Antiquaries, will go a great deal farther at a Christ'ning, and in the heat of Contention, when Priority comes to be disputed, will derive themselves from the Eldest Maid of Honour to *Nimrod*'s Wife. But let that alone: Most certainly it may so happen, that a Man may Marry a Wife that has had a great many Relations that live in the Country, and a Woman may Marry a Man that has as many: For if you ask a Citizen where he was born, there's not one in Forty, but will cry, in *Glocestershire*, *Devonshire*, *Kent*, *Norfolk*, &c. others in *Wales*; but very few make answer, within the Sound of *Bow Bell*. And this is apparent from the se-

veral County Feasts that meet every Year; which, were they all joyned together, would beat the Cockneys into an Auger-hole. Now, whether the Man or Woman, or both, have these Relations in the Country, is not a straw matter to the purpose; but this is certainly to be imagin'd, that when a Man is Marry'd, he will not conceal it, either from his own, or his Wife's Friends: Who presently send back word, that they should be very glad to see both him and his Wife, or her and her Husband in the Country. Now the Wife, out of natural Affection, is willing to see her Friends, and the Man is no less ambitious to shew his Wife; and thus when both are agreed, the pleasure of Marriage, is, in concerting both in the same Opinion. Perhaps there has been an Exchange between 'em of *Turkies*, *Geese*, *Cheese* and *Bacon*, for *Sugar*, *Plumbs* and *Spice*; perhaps one of the Kindred has had an occasion to come to Town, and has had the convenience of a Lodging at his new Kinsman's House; for which he can do no less than invite the new married Couple into the Country, to a Dish of Keel and Bacon, and homely Apple-pye. Why Faith, Cousin, or Uncle, quo' the young Man, we may chance to pop upon yee before y'are aware——I should be at *Exeter-Fair* this *Lammas-Tide* ——— Cuds fo, quo' his Cousin, 'tis but a little out of your way, to ride to *Dorchester*, and then you come within a Mile of our House.

Now suppose the young Man should be as good as his Word, and resolve to give his Wife an Airing in the Country. Why should Mar-

riage so inhumanly suffer for this? You may be sure, he will not Travel his Wife in Winter, nor yet in *Easter Term*, and that's the chief Season of the Year for Trading; therefore generally he chuses a very long *Vacation*. And what if he does, when there's little to do in the Town: I say, what if he does take a Frisk into the Country for a Month, or three Weeks, to Visit his own or his Wife's Relations; especially having Servants whose Parents are bound for their Truth, to look after his Affairs in the mean time. Though the genteeler way would be to send her down before, with some Friend of a Country Attorney, and a little before the *Assizes*, and for him to go after and fetch her home again. And then, besides that, she shall see the *Assizes*, and my Lords the Judges, he shall have the happiness of a new pleasure that he never enjoy'd before; which is, to write lovingly to her, and to receive endearing Answers from her again, with *Dear* and *Chuck* at the Top; and *Thine till Death*, and *Thine Eternally* at the Bottom. This is only if he have no other Business in those Parts; but if he have Business at any remarkable Fair thereabouts, let him then, by any means, attend her himself, and amble her an easie *Carriers Journey*, for fear of the inconveniences of Weariness and Stomach-Qualms: For indeed, if there be any thing that affects Matrimony with Calumny in this particular we are now upon, it is for a Man to be forc'd to a-light to take down his Wife in the middle of the Heath, sick as an Horse, and ready to faint away in his Arms; or else to ride by the

Coach and hear her groan, and by and by to ſee her throw up her undigeſted Breakfaſt into her oppoſite Neighbour's Lap, while the confounded Coach-man *Yaps* it away, as if he were driving for a wager. Theſe, I muſt confeſs, are Accidents that ſomewhat eclipſe the Pleaſures of his Journey. But as Heaven would have it, a ſup or two of Dr. *Stevens*'s Water ſets her right again, and ſhe holds it ſo, till they come to the next good Town, where they make a full ſtop, take a freſh Bait, and perfect the Cure. Then 'tis a new pleaſure to him to ſee her again as crank as a young Goſlin. The VVomen ask her how long ſhe has been Married? She tells 'em ſo long: Then they conclude ſhe's a Breeding, and all's forgiven.

At length, after three or four days Journey, ſhe gets among her Friends, and then there's kiſſing and hugging, and, dear Couſin, y'are welcome——and the four Bells i'th' Steeple are ſet a jangling for Joy. And do you think it is not an extreme pleaſure to her Husband, to ſee his dear VVife ſo careſs'd and made much of among her Relations. After a ſtay of three or four Days, away gallops the Husband thirty or forty Miles farther about his Buſineſs, and leaves his VVife and her Palfrey together, to be carried from place to place, to ſee and be ſeen; and ſtill ſhe has a Convoy of he-Couſins and ſhe-Couſins to ſhew her the Country, and treat her at this and t'other good Town: They are never out of their way; for ſtill ſhe finds new Kindred and Acquaintance, and all make much of the *Londoner*; and indeed, how can

they chuse? She's so pretty, so bonny, so blith and pleasant, that every body is glad of he Company: Then they whisk her to *Bath*, t *Bristol*, to *Wells*, to *Taunton*; and then they ga lop her over *Sedge-Moor*, and shew her wher the Duke of *Monmouth* lost his Battel:—So tha by that time her Husband comes back again she is able to ride with e're a Jockey in *Smithfield* When her Husband is return'd, and both ar a-bed together, she tells him how kind her Kin dred have been to her; which is the greate pleasure in the World to him, next the pleasur of her Person.

Now where is the Felony all this while tha these *Muggletonians* lay to the Charge of Matri mony? Oh! the great Charges the Man is t to buy her an Ambling Nag, a Swimming Pacer forsooth; or else Coach-hire, and Expences up on the Road, besides the Carriage of a grea heavy Trunck, where all the Finery lies. S'life would they have had her Husband and she ha walk'd down a Foot, with each a Snap-sack a their back, and lain among the Beggers in Barn by the way? Would they have had her gone na ked, or otherwise than like her self, as if she ha gone a Begging, to be slighted and contemned by her Friends, and kick'd out of Doors? Wha would her Kindred have thought of such a Shab by Couple? What would they have thought o her Husband? Surely they would have though their Kinswoman well holpen up by her Match and look'd upon her Parents to have been strange sort of People to lett out their Daughte to Hire, in a tawdery *Long-lane* Dress, to offi ate in a *Drinking Booth* at *Bartholomew Fair.*

What if the 'Prentices and the Maids do junket a little togethr? what if they do purloin three or four Bottles of the Remainder of the Wedding Wine, and Sack-Posset now and then in an Evening? 'Tis paid for; and why should not the Servants be a little merry at home, as well as the Master abroad? I'll warrant you they were no such ill Servants, but that they drank their Master and Mistress's Health; and then they could never grutch it 'em. What if the 'Prentice were a little familiar with the Chamber-Maid? Let his Parents look to that; they are bound for his good behaviour. Must the Master be always obliged to stay at home, to watch lest his 'Prentice should lye with his Maid.

But you'll say, He has no Trade nor Chapmen i'th' Country——What then?——I'd fain know where he could have liv'd cheaper for so long time, than among his Friends, that every day Feast him a free cost; only giving now and then a Shilling or two to the Servants.

'Tis a shame that Men should so disgrace and bespatter Matrimony, when they have no better Objections against her than these, And yet they bawl and clamour against her, as if Matrimony, that gives all Mankind their Being, were like those ill-natur'd Fowls, that destroy their Chickens as soon as they are hatch'd. A Man cannot carry his Wife into the Country; nor can a Wife desire to see her Friends, but here's an Out-cry against Matrimony. Tho' I dare be bold to say, there's none of these People that are so severe against Wedlock, but would take it very ill to be call'd *Sons of Whores*, which had

not their Fathers and Mothers been Married, they must have been. As they are born then, they ought to speak well of Matrimony, and not quarrel with her for every trifle of a Side-Saddle, or Pad-Nag, that a Man bestows on his VVife.

VVell—— but now suppose the Man and his VVife come home again; what does all the Charges amount to, perhaps some twenty or thirty pounds——a monstrous Summ to Damn Matrimony for. The Horse and the Pad-Nag yield their Mony again, the Cloaths are little or nothing the worse for wearing. It may be the Side-Saddle may be afterwards lent out among the Neighbours, and come home at length without the Stirrup, or the Bridle, and that may have taken leave one of another; but that's but a small matter. If when they came home again, they had found the House removed at t'other side of the Water, or the Furniture pawn'd, or the Servants run away with all the Ware in the Shop, these had been Losses indeed that would have struck deep. But all's well, and the Woman so satisfied, that perhaps she never dreams of such another Journey as long as she lives: A kind Correspondence only now contents, and it is a pleasure to her that she knows the Places and the Persons to which and to whom she directs her Letters.

But you'll say, this brings another Charge upon her Husband, to entertain them again when they come to the City about Business. Let 'em come and welcome. Certainly 'tis a bad Trade, that will not afford 'em a good Bed, and a good *Sunday*'s Dinner, be sure. That I'd

have if I were the Wife, though I Pawn'd my best Petticoat for it. But what need that, the Man has a good Trade, lives plentifully, the Wife goes twice a week to Market, and what signifies a Joynt of Meat extraordinary upon an extraordinary Occasion? And if the Husband do carry his Friend to the Tavern and give him a Bottle or two of Wine; what Matrimonial Crime can that be?

But these Murmurers against Matrimony never consider, that Men commit a greater Violation of Wedlock, which is indeed the chief occasion of all those deadly Feuds, that disturb the Pleasures of Marriage, when they take a far greater Liberty themselves to Revel with their Misses and Concubines in private Country Corners, where they go for Man and Wife, while the poor Woman at home thinks he is gone to gather in his Debts, as he makes her believe. It has been observed, when at the other end of the Town a Strumpet has come into a Mercers Shop and taken up a Gown and Petticoat of the best Silk in his Counter; and when she was gone, the Sly-Thief-to himself of a Whore-Master has Book'd it down to some invisible great Lady at Court. And thus it is, that the Pleasures of Matrimony must suffer for the Pleasures of a Doxy-Copulation. No wonder then, 'tis all Fire and Toe in the Family, when the Wife finds it out. This is that which makes *Conjugium* to be *Conjurgium*. This is that which untiles the house, and makes hell upon Earth. And indeed the Woman has reason of her side, when she finds her Husband so liberal to a Harlot, yet grudging his Wife a

Frisk into the Country among her Friends, or a Fortnight's scowring at *Epsom* once in three or four Summers, in a long Vacation, when they have nothing else to do, but to play at Draughts i'the back Shop, or read the *Turkish* History behind the Counter.

V. *Great Complaints for want of Children, the Wife Complains to her Neighbours, and the ill Consequences of it; together with the several Instructions the good Women her Neighbours, give her, in order to her Procreation.*

BUT notwithstanding all this Junketting, Feasting, and Rambling into the Country, the young VVoman cannot be got with Child, which is another very great breach of the Peace of VVedlock, this redounds to the Man's Disgrace, which can be no Pleasure to Matrimony. Here again, set the Hares Foot to the Goose Giblets, let the Man but consider, that where there is no Children, there is the less Charge, but the Pleasures of the Bed are still the same. Certainly that Husband may live at great ease, and with an extraordinary Contentment of Mind that enjoys a pretty VVoman every Night without finding his Brains disturb'd and turmoil'd with the yearly Expences of Nurses and Midwives, and Christenings, and as his Children grow up, with Provision of Portions. How many Men are forc'd to sell a good part of their Estates to pay younger Childrens Portions? The sad Effect of their Wives Fertility. Nay, some women are so unconscionable, as to bring

at a time, others three at a Birth. An unreasonable thing that the poor Men should pay so dear for their sport. More than this, there have been some VVomen that have Teem'd two at a Lying-in, within a Month after they have been Marry'd, should all Women contrive at that rate, the Men must have *Lucullus*'s Estates to maintain 'em. But some women must have a little seasoning of pain to relish their Pleasures; and among the rest, this woman longs for a Child, and a Child she will have, if it be to be had above ground; and the more to whet her Appetite, in her Rambling Visits among her Neighbours and Friends, she sees at one place, a notable plump Check'd Baby of a Boy, staring about in his Nurses Arms——Lord, quoth she, what a Lusty Child is this?——How long have you been Married, Neighbour? About thirteen Months, quoth the t'other. And how old is this Child? quo' the young VVoman. About a Quarter old next Tuesday come Seven-night——Quo' the t'other. Cudsfish, quo' the young woman, you have bestow'd your time well——I have been Marryed above this half year, and no sign yet of any thing coming. The words are hardly out of her Mouth before another Neighbour flies in, and having heard part of the Complaint, VVhat's the matter with our Neighbour here? quoth she. Matter! quo' the t'other, matter enough by my Faith——she has been Married above this half year, and nothing yet coming. Believe me that's not well, quo' the t'other Neighbour——and yet it may be,

young woman, the man in fault! As if a woman of my Age and Complexion, could be in the fault——— I know my own Complexion, and my own Abilities so well, that I'll give all the world leave to judge whether the fault be mine, or no. Patience a little, quoth the second Neighbour, I have known some women have not been with Child, till after they have been two or three years marry'd, Yes! And do you think I'll stay so long, quo' the young woman in a pelting Chase, not I by my Fackins ——At these words, in steps another Neighbour, one of the more experienc'd sort, and tells 'em she had been at such a ones Groaning ——— what! quo' the t'other, is my Neighbour such-a-one brought to Bed? Of a Delicate Boy, quo' the t'other. And how long has she been Marry'd? cries the young woman. But t'other day, quo' the other——— S'life but t'other day! And I have been Marry'd this half year, and have nothing to shew for't.

This Debate holds a long time——— but at length cries one a little wiser than the rest ———Mrs. *Such a one*, this is a matter of great Importance, and therefore pray go home and take the exact Dimensions of your Husband's Gunging Instrument, as to the length and compass: for till that be done, it will not be be an easie thing to make a right Judgment of the Business.

Come, come, says another, I know my Neighbour *Such-a-one* very well, and I am not apt to have an ill Opinion of him: I am sure he is a Man likely enough: He's only newly Mar-

ry'd, and a Man may Caress his Wife as well too much as too little. And therefore Neighbour give him a little time to replenish: nourish him up well with Yolks of Eggs, Oysters, Cock-stones, Cray-fish, Lobsters, Periwinkles, Beef-Marrow, Skirrits, and Sweet Wine. Skirrits! quo' another, why 'tis the best thing in the World. —— My Husband is a Seaman, and he brought me some Skirrits; and he told me the *Swedish* Women commonly gave them to their Husbands when their Fondness grew slack: And I found it to be true; for all the while we eat Skirrits together, he behav'd himself most right; so that in good truth now I have sent him again into *Sweed-land* for more Skirrits.

Mistress, you have interrupted me, but 'tis no matter, cry'd the first Speaker; for I was going to tell ye, that the Kidneys of a little Crocodile dry'd and beaten to Powder; and the quantity of half an ounce drank in a Glass of *Alicant*, will do strange things. I need not tell ye the Vertues of *Eringo's*, Neighbours, 'tis one of the best Flowers the Comfit-makers have in their Shops, and if they knew the use of *Satyrion* Roots, they would Candy more than they do.

Ay, ay, and there be your *Cantharides*, too, crys another: Hold Neighbour, you must have a care of your *Cantharides*, they are a dangerous sort of Diet, and must be manag'd with great skill. I'll tell you a Tale, Neighbours. There was a certain young Woman, that shall be nameless, who finding that her Husband did not get her with Child, came to

an Apothecary of her Acquaintance, and ask'd him if he had no Drugg in his Shop that would cause her Husband to get her with Child, for that all her Neighbours had Children but she. The Apothecary told her he had a Powder which if she did but give it her Husband in a little Broth, 'twould make him another *Hercules*, ay marry would it. The woman desir'd the Apothecary to let her have a Dose, and having paid him for it, without disputing the Price, she carry'd it home with a light Heart, and administring her Physick according to her Directions, found the Operations of it to her Content, without any harm to the Husband.

But the Apothecary's Wife who had in a private Corner behind the Shop listen'd all this while to the Discourse that passed between her Husband and the good Woman, and thought she stood in as much need of the Receipt as her Companion. Ay, quoth she to her self, and y'fackins I'll be my Husband's Physician for once; and observing whence her Husband took out the Powder, within two or three days after her Husband desiring her to make him some good Pottage to warm his Stomach, under pretence of fetching some Spice to put into the Broth, she took the remainder of powder'd *Cantharides*, and put it into the pot without any regard of weight or measure. When 'twas ready, her Husband as greedily supp'd up a Large Mess: Nor was it long before he found the Effects and Heat of it, which he thought to qualifie by the assistance of his Wife; but alas the Flames

did so increase, that his very Entrails seem'd to be in a Conflagration. He swore to his Wife she had poyson'd him, and ask'd her what she had put into the Broth? who made him answer, she had put nothing that was extraordinary, but a handful of powder which he had sold the other day to the Woman that came to him about her Husband. Then the poor Apothecary understanding the whole matter and cause of his Distemper, in his Extremity Curs'd her to the Devil, and sent for another of his own Trade to relieve him; which was not so easily done, but that it had like to have cost him his Life.

Now, bating the *Cantharides*, do you think it is not a great Pleasure to a Man to find himself so kindly Nursed and Cherished by his Wife, Cock-broth'd, Oyster-fed, and Night and Morning Eringo's and Tent, and every day fresh Overtures of Conjugal Dalliance, and new Allurements, to Kiss, Embrace, and Love one another? These are Comforts of Comforts, and a Man that has such a Wife, such a Nurse, and such a Bed-fellow, so buxom, free and wanton as this, is the happiest of all Marry'd Men.

But after all this, thinks the young Woman to her self, all this cost is meerly thrown away, yet I have not my due measure. For what's a Workman without his Tools? If I send my Maid to the Ale-house for a Quart of Beer, if she does not bring me my Measure, I call the Fellow that drew it, Knave, and my Maid Baggage, and I call the Milk-woman cheating Slut, if she does not fill my Pan, when I

know how much is my due. This brings to her Remembrance the first Admonition given her to take the exact Accompt of Length and Compass, which she fails not to do, and to carry it along with her to the next Meeting, within two or three days after.

But then there happens a general stupefaction and astonishment among the Neighbours and Relations, when they find the two pieces of Apron-string snipped off, that of the length to hold out full six, and the Circumference between three or four Inches. Then they begin to shake their Heads, and hang their Lips, telling the young woman, that now begins to be dejected as themselves——'Slife, Neighbours, here is nothing but Justice——your Husband is a Man every Inch of him——we must search for the fault somewhere else——Nay it would be given against you in the Court of Arches. I knew a Taylor, cries one of the Neighbours, that was laughed at as long as he lived, for his wife mistaking her Husbands——for her own Thumb, slipped on her Wedding-Ring once, and pulled it off again; but when she thought to have done so a second time, it swelled, and put her Husband to that excessive pain, that she was forced to send for a Chyrurgeon to have it filed off——But you, Mistress, make no such Complaint, and therefore we must not easily give Sentence against due Proportion. I don't know how it is, not I, cries the young woman, ready to burst into Tears for Anguish, but so it is. I knew a young Marry'd Couple, quoth another, that were just in your Case; and the Physician told

me himself, he gave the Husband this Advice, which was to absent himself out of Town for fifteen Days, and the sixteenth Day to get an Horse-back, and so to order it, as after an easie Journey of Ten or Twelve Miles, to come home just in the Evening.

At the same time, he also gave Directions, That his Wife should provide him for a Supper a Leg of Mutton boyled with a Sallad of *Garden Rocket*, a Capon Roasted, and a Glass of good Red-wine. Moreover, that he should place himself at Supper right against his Wife, bare-neck'd and naked Breasted.

Three hours after Supper, he bid the Gentleman go to Bed, lie close to his Wife, and sleep out his first Sleep; after that, to enter into Amorous Discourse with his Wife, as awake as himself; and when he had so heightned his Discourse to fall to his Work, And this Counsel was so fortunate, that it not only had its effect upon this Gentleman, but upon several others in the same Condition. What greater Pleasure can a Man have, than to have the free leave of his Wife to take his Lopes for fifteen days together, and then to come a hand-gallop home agen, to give her all the Content and Satisfaction she can desire, to the great Joy of both Parties, and the next Morning, to take a lusty Beverage of yolks of Eggs, Sugar, Saffron, Cinnamon, and strong Wine? By which you may find that the French Men and VVomen in *Provence* know what's good for themselves. This Course of Life will cause a Man's VVife to embrace him like an Angel, and to shew him a

a thousand other Friendly Entertainments beyond Imagination: 'Twill be always in the Evening, *My Dear, Come to Bed*; and in the Morning, *Love, Lye a little longer*: If these are not Pleasures, I know not what Pleasures they are that these Despisers of Matrimony would have

But if Justice get the upper-hand, and that it comes to pass that the Man is acquitted, can there be a greater satisfaction to a Man, than to find that he has a whole Jury of VVomen on his side, and that he passes for *Reclus in Curia*, from one end of the Parish to the other? But what Proof of this? —— Proof sufficient; the VVomen have examined the Case, and they find her of a Temper either too cold or too hot; too profuse or too scanty —— Nature must be tamed or excited, —— to which purpose the Young VVoman must take Physick; and that taking of Physick is like the School-Argument, *Either so, or so, but not so; Therefore*: Now I think 'tis a very great pleasure of Matrimony, for a Man to have such a Plea for himself: A thousand times better for a Man to put it to the Test and Tryal of a due Course of Physick, than to the Examination of the Court of Arches, where a Man must be exposed to the Tryal of Forcing Nature before a Company of Persons of his own Sex; enough to daunt the Impudency, and quell the Vigour of *Hercules* himself. —— The Cheesemonger and his Wife took a far wiser Course; for they, by their industry, having scraped a pretty Estate together, but not able to get a Child between them to inherit their

Labours, after having been many years Married; at length they grew very Melancholy, to think they should die Issueless; at last the VVoman (for had it not began there, the Plot had been spoiled) began to consider where the Fault lay; but not being able to determine it her self, quoth she to her Husband, *William*, ——VVell, Honey, quoth he:——we are bless'd with a Estate, quoth she, but we have neither heir nor heiress to leave it to:—— That's no fault of mine, quoth the Husband: ——Nay, Husband, quoth she, that's the Point to be try'd:——Try'd quoth the Husband,——how shall we try it, more than we have done? VVhy look thee Husband, I have a Conceit in my head, quo' she:——Ay, Wife, quoth he, but a thousand Conceits i'thy head, will never make one Child:——Nay, Husband, pray hear me, quoth she, I have a Conceit i'my head, if thou and I can agree: ——why, VVife, quoth he, thou knowest I have in all things been guided by thee:—why then, Husband, quoth she, thou knowest that we have been long Married in vain, and cannot get a Child, though all ways and means have been used between us:——'Tis too true, Wife, quoth the Husband:——why then, quoth the VVife, for the satisfaction of both, if thou wilt agree, I am content, with all my heart; do thou chuse out a Companion for thy humour, and I'il find out another to mine and whether I am got with Child, or thou getteſt the Child, we'll resolve both to keep it as our own. The Husband was over-joy'd at his VVife's Contrivance, and took his Maid,

go-

a good brisk Wench; the Wife was pleased at her Husband's Condescention, and made choice of her Journey-man.—And now 'twas presently discovered where the Fault lay; the Journey-Man Laboured in vain, but the Maid was Unmaidened, and Brought-to Bed of a brave Boy: 'Sbobs! there was Joy in the Family; but the Neighbours were disgruntled, and the Church-wardens would have the Master and the Maid *Coram-Nobis*:——No, quo' the Wife, there's no occasion for this, quoth she to the Magistrate, all Parties acted by Consent, and my Husband and I take the Child for our own, and are resolved to keep it as our own, and what has any Body to say to't? It may be thought that many such Tryals as these, would prevent a world of *Doctors-Commons*-Law, and preserve thousands of Families in Peace and Tranquility, free from Heart-burnings, and continual Mutterings and Grumblings between the good Man and the Woman. Here the Husband had the Pleasure of his Maid, and the Mistress of her Man; the Child was the Master's own, and the Maid bestowed it upon her Mistress, the Mistress owned the Gift, and the Maid was ready try'd for another. So far from being the discomfort of Marriage, that it was the only comfort the Husband and Wife had had, during the whole time of their Wedlock.

However, 'tis concluded, that the young Woman shall try the Experiment of Physick; the Female-Cabal will have it so, and it must be; Immediately all the Quack-Bills,

are examined, and a French Doctor is ſent for; and no ſooner is he ſent to, but he comes flying with his *Scrapes* and his *Cringes*, his *Madame's* and *Begar's*; his, *Me doe dis*, and *me doe dat*; *Me cauſe your Husban to make a de ſhild upon your Bodee in leſs dan turty day*:——which cannot chuſe but be a great Recreation to the Husband, eſpecially if he be Melancholy: but the chiefeſt Pleaſure is, that the Man muſt ſtill try the Operation of the Phyſick; which though it tye him a little too hard to Duty, it muſt needs augment the Pleaſure of Matrimony extremely: If her Dyet be toothſome and dainty, as, if the French Doctor be no Fool, he ſeldome preſcribes other, the Husband had his ſhare, and that is ſtill another Pleaſure; nay, it may ſo happen, that the French Doctor may kill her with his Potions and Lotions, and then he has the Accompliſhment of all the Pleaſures of Matrimony, which is, to Bury her, and Marry another.

If the choice of a grave diſſembling Hypocrite of a Midwife better pleaſe the young Woman, the Husband ſhall then have Pleaſures of another ſort; then the old Matron would Tipple and talk Bawdy with him till her Chin drop in her Boſome; the Comfort is, her Phyſick is all heartning; ſhe quenches no flames, eſpecially thoſe of Love; ſhe abonninates the uſe of Rue, Hemlock, and the four cold Seeds: All this while the young Man takes care that his young Wife wants nothing to welcome her Chamber-Viſitants; and he tells her himſelf to boot,

boot, that it is his chiefest delight he has in the World to please her. Lastly, if all this Cost does not agree with the Constitution of the Husband's Cash, 'tis but retiring into *White-Fryers*, and laughing at his Creditors, and there is another Comfort of Matrimony.

VI. *The young Woman proves with Child; with an Account of the Lying-in, and how the young Springal is overjoy'd at his Wife's making him a Father.*

BUT there are some People who are never contented full nor fasting: If a young VVoman long for a Child, and to be a VVoman like the rest of her Neighbours, this must be taken as a Torment of Matrimony. If a VVoman be pregnant, and bear Children, Matrimony must be Bann'd and rail'd at for that. VVhat shall we do to please these Impertinents? They pretend that in this Case there are many Contrivances, many Stratagems, many Collusions and evil Counsels of Gossips, that makes the poor Man's Night-Cap sit uneasie: Though let me tell you, if Matrimony in this particular have any thing unpleasant and uncomfortable in it, 'tis the VVoman feels it that bears the Child, and not the Man that gets it.

Would they have her do as the Maid (if I may so call her) did, that sent her new-Married Husband a Dog-trot for the Mid-Wife upon her Wedding-Night? 'Tis true, the Woman say'd her Husband a whole Year's Ex-

pence: And what ſaid one of the Goſſips to him, when ſhe was brought-to-Bed? Courage, Neighbour; you may be ſure this is ripe Fruit, for you ſee it falls without ſhaking the Tree. The poor Fellow knew not what to think of it, but went away ſhaking his Head, and complained to one of his Neighbours? And what ſaid he? Why, Faith, more cold Comfort ſtill; Oh, Neighbour! (quoth he) you ought to be very careful of this Child; for I foreſee, he will one day become a great Captain, that was able to force the Barricado's ſo ſoon, before you made your Approaches to the Place. This, as I ſaid before, was a ſaving Wife indeed, but her Husband had better have born the whole Years Expence, than have ſuffered this ſingle Night's Reproach.

But here's a Woman that goes out her lawful Time, undergoes all the Toils and Hardſhips of Child-Bearing and Delivery, and all the Maledictions of Primitive Diſobedience; and becauſe ſhe only ſeeks for ſome Alleviation of her Pains and nipping Torments, muſt be deem'd to render Matrimony a Nuiſance to Mankind. Had Men been to have endured what Women ſuffer, 'tis to be queſtioned, whether they would have endured what VVomen brook with ſo much Patience. VVhat a yelling did *Jupiter* keep, when he carried *Minerva* in his Jobbernole? And had he not been a God, do you think it had been poſſible for him to have carried ſuch a Load of a ſtammel Jade, as *Pallas* Armed *Cap-a-pee* in Steel, ſo long in his Head; ſo that he was forc'd to have his Head cleft with a Butcher's Cleaver, to deliver

himself of his Burthen and the Head-ach together: But 'twas the first and the last time, he thank'd ye, that ever you should find him take the same trouble upon him again.

You never heard but of one Man, and he, they say, was an *Italian* Painter, who was made believe, by a Company of *Crackropes* of his familiar Acquaintance, that he was with Child; this poor Man was so apprehensive of the Torments and Pangs of his future Delivery, that though he had but one single Hundred pound in the World, he gave it all to a Physician for a distill'd water of fat Capons, dissolv'd *Borax*, and some other Ingredients, to ease him of his Burthen; by which means, though not without some trouble, he was Brought-to-Bed, before his time, of a living Cushion. And I must tell ye, that the Fellow that had his Brother growing out of his side, found it an unmerciful trouble, to lug him about from Fair to Fair, as he was forced to do.

For you must know, that if Midwives and Women with Child speak truth, and I am sure there's no body can contradict them, the rowling and tumbling of the little *Embrio* twinges 'em every moment; the Qualms of Breeding run through every Vein of a Woman's Body, more particularly affecting the Stomach, and occasioning that squeamish Niceness of Appetite, that requires a more delicate and agreeable Nourishment and Refreshment, as well for the Infant, as the Breeding Woman: Besides, Nature being busily employ'd in the framing of a new Creature,

produces ſtrange Operations in the Fancy, and Imagination of the Woman, which if not ſattisfy'd with the Enjoyment of thoſe Objects which the Fancy has fixed upon, is the occaſion many times of great Detriment to the Mother, by frequent Miſcarriage, and disfigurement to the Child. And then it is, that the time is come for a Woman to try the Affection of her Husband, who would be thought the moſt unkind Perſon in the World, to venture the Life of his deareſt Conſort, and the loſs of all his Nocturnal Labour, for the want of two or three plump Patridges, or the Corner of a Veniſon Paſty, eſpecially when he can but ask and have: For all Men and VVomen where-ever he comes are ready to gratifie the Longings of a big-belly'd wife; every Body asks her what ſhe would have, every body asks her where ſhe likes, and bids her pleaſe her ſelf.

Of two very large Pomegranates that were provided for an Entertainment of the King at *Guild-Hall*, a big-belly'd Gentlewoman long'd for one, and they were forc'd to give it her, or elſe ſhe would have ſwooned away: And therefore 'tis Nonſence to blame a Woman for gadding abroad, and prowling among her Neighbours at ſuch a time as this; and 'tis the cheapeſt way for the Husband to carry her up and down from place to place where e'er he can ſmell a good bit. It would be an unſeaſonable Mercy ſhown to his pamper'd Gelding? nay, though it were to the Soles of his Feet, to grutch the trudging, though it were Ten Miles on Foot to obtain the ſlight

ſatisfa-

satisfaction of a Bit extraordinarry, which he may have for fetching, if the Stewards of the Feast be not meer *Nabal's*, to gratifie a tender Wife, suffering for the sake of his own Pleasure: Or, if it please her better to have it of his own purchasing, how the Devil can he lay out his Money with more delight? For certainly if there be any content in the Delicacy of Viands, the happiness must be strangely enhaunced, when a Man partakes it with his Wife in such a Condition: He is both her Husband and her Physician; he has broken her Head, and now he gives her a Plaister; he was the occasion of her Pain, and now he gives her ease; For a Man can have no greater Joy in Matrimony, than to give that Physick to his grunting wife, his best Companion, and his deareſt Friend, of which he partakes himself with so much Pleasure. If she will eat Chalk let her have it, for besides that it is impossible to stemm the Tyde of Women's Longing; that which the Mother Longs for, never hurts the Infant: And we find that in *Essex* they feed their young Calves with Milk and Chalk, to make their Flesh look white; which may be the reason for ought a Man knows, that his Wife Longs for Chalk to make the little Calf in her Belly look white-skinn'd when it comes into the World.

'Tis but a requisite piece of Gratitude to indulge the Palate of a Teeming Woman, and to alleviate the bitter Throes and Pangs of Conception and Maturation, with the slender, nay, though it were with the more costly Gratification of a few Kickshaws, well know-

ing now great the return of the Fruit will be at the end of her Time: If nothing else will serve her then a Wash-bowl of Claret; if she has a mind to confound a whole Sieve of *Kentish* Cherries, or to deprive a Roasting Pig of both his Ears, and to gnaw them off upon her Knees from the Spit; If she have a mind to swill up a Rundlet of *Brumswick* Mum at a sitting, 'tis better to let her have her Desires than suffer the fatal Consequences of a Denial: For there is no Man i'th' World would be glad to see his Daughter stick upon his Hands, every way else handsome, tall and well proportioned, only as ill luck will have it, because she has got a Hair-Lip; for that Woman can never give her Husband a full Kiss when she wants a piece of the Kissing part: Or who would be willing to see a Red spot overspread his Son's Cheek, as if Nature had wrapt up all that side of his Face in Natural Scarlet, for a continual pain in his Gums? and all this for want of disbursing the price of a Quart of early Mulberries; or of a pitiful Forty Shillings worth of green Pease in *April*: Men never consider the Crowns and Angels they throw away at the *Swan* in *Old-Fish-street*, in Oysters and Cods-heads; their Collations at the *Rummer* with Salmon and Old-Hock; their Hashes and Pottages at the *Bear* in *Birchen-Lane*, while they grudge the poor Teeming Woman, under the Affliction of their Nocturnal Satisfaction, the bare Solace of a single Coney, and a Penny Manchet.

Men must acknowledge, that Women have done

done them a most extraordinary kindness to ease them of that ponderous weight of Infant Carriage; and therefore since they have all the trouble, 'tis fit they should have some Retaliation and Alleviation of their Pain.

They say those Apples eat the sweetest where the Birds have been pecking beforehand; and it may be, that was the Reason that the Lady Long'd for a piece of Raw Horse-flesh, seeing a great number of Crows so heartily at Breakfast upon the Carrion; however, she resolved to share with 'em, and sent her Coach-man to cut her off a fine, delicate fat piece, as if he were to have Carv'd for himself. You may be sure the Fellow Pick'd the choicest bit he could find, and the Lady eat it up without Bread or Salt, with such an Appetite, that she rather seem'd to devour than eat it. This was a *Tartarian* sort of Diet, yet had the Lady been deny'd it, she might perhaps have been deliver'd of some strange Horse-fac'd Creature or other, to the great Scandal of her Ancient Family.

As extravagant was that Big-belly'd Haberdasher's Wife, that nothing would serve her but to ride on Kock-horse, as I may say, at one time upon the Elephant, and another time to bestride *Tom Dove* at the *Bear-Garden*: Yet had her Humour been contradicted, she might either have brought forth a Boy with a *Proboscis*; or a Daughter with a Bears Snout.

But when a Woman longs for nothing but

what is Laudable, Edible, Potable, Comfortable, good for the Head, good for the Back, good for the Belly, good for the Reins, good for every thing, as *China* Oranges, *Sevil* Limons, *Asparagus*, Cherries, Strawberries, with their Appurtenances, Peaches, Apricocks, Nectarines, Muskmellions, VVinter-Boon Chrestiens, Pearmains and Pippins of all sorts: VVall-nuts, Grapes, *&c.* for Drinks, Rhenish-VVine, Old-Hock, Vin de Paris, Frontiniac, Porto-port, Canary, Red or White Florence, Syder, Perry, Ale and Sugar, Mum; 'twere the most unnatural thing in the VVorld to deny her any of these things. Trifles—Trifles—for a Man to deny his Wife in her Condition: 'Tis to be question'd whether an Indictment do not lye in the Case; whether it be not a piece of Self-Murder to let Bone of his Bone, and Flesh of his Flesh, and his own Flesh and Blood with that Flesh and Bones to perish all together, Wife and Fruit of her VVomb, for want of a Pippin or two; the *Devil*'s in't if she long for 'em all together,—that's impossible—and for a single Treat, there's not any one of all these Rarities to be valued with the Pleasure a Man takes to please his Wife.

If she Long for a Mouthfull of green Ginger, or a pound of Mackaroons, or a few Preserved VVall-nuts in the middle of the Night, what a piece of Business is it for her Husband to go and knock up the Comfit-Maker? he may do it with as good Authority, as if he had a Warrant for it with a Seal in

the

the Margent: Who knows what Reason the Woman has for her Longing, and what a lucky Hit the Husband may meet with for his loving Sedulity? A Soldier once upon a time, I mean one of those who used to hire themselves out upon the Train'd-Bands, asked leave of his Captain then upon the Guard, to let him go home in a Cold Frosty Night, and lie with his Wife; the Captain was Civil, away goes the Soldier, unlocks the Door of his mean Habitation, and up he mounts in the Dark to his Wives Chamber, and it was come so near to the point, that the Soldier had flung his Breeches upon the Bed, almost ready to step in, but his VVife was taken with such a sudden Qualm, that unless he fetch'd her a Cordial immediately, she was a dead VVoman; and so well she counterfeited her pangs, that the Soldier believing his VVife to be at Death's-door, snatch'd up his Breeches again, as he thought, put 'em on, away he flew to the next Apothecary, what would he have? VVhy a Cordial,——— What Cordial? Any Cordial so far as Tenpence would go to save his VVife's Life, for he had but a Shilling, and he was willing to reserve two pence for his Mornings Draught. Thereupon the Apothecary gave him a small Cordial. But when he went to pay for it, instead of a Shilling, he found a whole nest of Half Crowns ready fledg'd; in another Pocket he met with a Brood of Guinea's newly hatched; and feeling a little farther, he found a Gold VVatch, and then the Soldier knew what a Clock it was. In the mean

time his Wife's Companion had made his escape with the single Shilling'd Trouzers, and the Soldier return'd with the Cordial; but then to his great Consolation he found his Wife recovered, and so kind, that she bid him make use of the Cordial himself, for she had no need of it. And thus you see how Fortune favours Husbands that are so kind to their Wives as to fetch 'em at Midnight what they long for; and therefore let no Man grutch when his Wife is in a longing fit, let it be never so late and dark, to go and fetch his Wife a Cordial, or any other sweet Jim-crack she calls for.

Now let any Man object, That many times 'tis no real Longing of the Woman, but her Liquorish Appetite that makes her so fine-mouth'd, and so craving after this and t'other Dainty; but who shall be Judge of that? the Woman is with Child, the Woman is Sick, and what she suffers there's no body can tell but her self. However the endurance of pain and torment that is like to bring the advantage of Issue, ought to be recompenced to the full. And therefore it is not the kindness of a loving Husband in procuring his Wife the satisfactions of her Longing, and the alleviations of her Misery that can disquiet him, but the paying though the Nose for a Bastard, and the Subjection he lives in, to the Concealers of his ignominy, that causes a fermentation in his Thoughts, and makes his Life uneasie to him.

VII. *Provision for Lying-in, and the Appurtenances belonging to it; with other Remarks fit to be known by a young Man that intends to alter his Condition.*

CErtainly if some Men might have their VVill, I mean these *Despisers* of *Matrimony*, VVomen were in the worst condition of all Creatures; for Nature has taught the Birds of the Air, against they are ready to Lye in, to frame their Bed-Chambers with that Art and Curiosity, to make their Beds, and draw their Curtains about them with so much Neatness and Artifice, that their Nurseries seem to be so many petty Palaces; and the Winds themselves are forced to rock the Cradles of their young ones: But Women must neither be got with Child, nor taken care of while they are Breeding, nor provided for, against their Delivery. 'Tis true indeed, when we see a poor Woman reduced to that miserable shift as to be delivered in a Rage, we are apt to believe that the woman misses somewhat of Matrimony's Pleasure; but then again we take her for some forlorn Creature abandon'd by all Mankind, and forsaken even by Charity it self.

But we find all Creatures as Nature instructs 'em, making some Provision or other against their Delivery; the Male doing his, and the Female her Duty in all respects; only VVomen must shift for themselves; for after the Men have once got 'em with Child, they have nothing to do but to drink and guttle, and

whore and roar; or if they will be such Fools, to compassionate the Sufferings of their Wives, this must be look'd upon as the disturbance and inconvenience of Matrimony.

But these Upholders of Paradoxes consider not, that in the same Chamber where the Wife Lyes-in, the Effects of the Husband's Man-hood comes to light; and would you have the Parents want a great Candle or two, to see what God has sent 'em? Man is born Naked, all other Creatures come into the World with their Cloaths on; and these Cloaths grow as they grow, without the help of Taylors and Coat-sellers. Do you think it is not greatly for the Reputation of the Man, that his Wife has been with Child, and that she is Deliver'd at length of a lusty Boy? Suppose it be a Girl, that Girl may bring Boys in time; for so the World goes round. The name of *Da*, *Da*, is now as pretty a pleasing name as Mr. *Bridegroom* was before. Why, we have heard of many Fathers of Children, that have been Fathers of Nations; and the first Wife has had always equal Respect with the first Husband. Believe me, in some cases, the word *Mother* goes a great deal farther than the word *Father*, in point of Veneration: for without a *Mother*, the *Father* might have shaken his heels to little purpose. The Man has nothing to do but get the Child, and then his work's done. 'Tis true, if the Man were to Breed and Bear the Child, as *Daniel Bauhis* the Frenchman did, then the Provision were to be made for him; but in regard it is the

stom, which never can be alter'd, the Provision must be made for them that bear the Brunt of the Day. 'Tis the greatest piece of Injustice in the World for the Men to think to have all the Caudles and Panada's to themselves, and the Women do all the Work. No, the Women need it, they lose Blood and Spirits; the Men lose nothing but what they are most willing to part with. Now, as the Women win the greatest Honour, so ought they to have the more Worship; which VVorship consists in the Provision made for her Lying-in, as making a Distinction between her and Ordinary Women. 'Tis true, there are some Men, that when from a poor and low Degree, they come to be advanc'd to vast Preferment, love to boast of the meanness of the Place where they were born. As *Sixtus* the Fifth, when he came to be Pope, was wont to brag how he came of an illustrious House, because his Parents were so poor, that the VValls of the Chamber where his Mother Lay-in, were so batter'd and torn, that the Sun came in on every side at a thousand holes; but you may be sure the Woman would have had a better Accommodation, if she could.

VVomen have always an Ambition to equal one another; and when a Woman begins to find her self with Child, she shall have Tut'resses enow to tell her what she wants. Women also have a Natural inclination to Neatness and Gaiety; which Custom has so encreased, that now you shall hardly meet a

ticoat: And Men must accommodate themselves to the Honour and Fashion of the Times. Besides, there's the Grandmother, a wise and understanding Woman, and she best knows what's fitting for her Daughter. All things put together, there is such a Connexion of Occasions and Reasons, back'd with such Female Arguments on all sides, that there is all the Reason that the Woman should desire what she would have, and have what she desires.

Moreover, it may so happen that the Woman wears the Breeches; and it is not to be imagined but that if she wears the Breeches, she wears the Pockets too; and then if she says she will have it, who shall hinder her: However, fair and softly is better than Rardan; Son, (quo' the Grandmother, that is to be) you see that your Wife, my Daughter, is with Child, you also know what a Portion you had with her; you know she has a great many good Relations and Friends that will come to Visit her, and I should be sorry that any Daughter of mine should Lye-in like a Porters Wife——Mother, cries the young Man——hold Son, quo' the Grandmother ——not that I suspect any such thing of my Daughter——But, Son, you are look'd upon to have had a good Estate with my Daughter, and I am sure you had a better than Mr.——had with his Wife, She Lay-in t'other day, , and I'll assure ye, Son, she had all things very decent about her: It will procure you much respect, if you order it so, that my Daughter be [illegible]

but rather above her; for there will be notable notice taken. As therefore you have acted like a Husband, you are now to act like a Father. VVho now could reſiſt ſuch convincing Arguments as theſe? For when a Matron of a VVife's Mother ſpeaks to the Husband of the Daughter, 'tis as if the Sybil were talking to *Æneas* about his Journey to Hell; or the wiſe VVoman of *Delphos* were giving Counſel to *Solon* about the Laws of *Athens*; all gravity, and all Unanſwerable.

To this the Son makes Anſwer, Mother, you know I underſtand nothing of theſe things, and therefore I leave all things to your management——But Mother, pray be as ſparing as you can——Sparing! anſwers the Mother; why, did you ever know me to be otherwiſe; I don't ſpeak, Mother, for that, replies the Son——but——But! why Son? I thought you had had a better Opinion of me; ——I'll aſſure you, Son, I have ſav'd you above Forty Pounds, by giving her two ſuch Suits of Child-Bed-Linnen already, that the beſt Alderman's Wife in the Parish need not be aſhamed of——But Kether——I think I have done a Mother's part——I don't queſtion it, Mother——replies the young Man——Pray Mother do what you think fit.

Thus you ſee, you may as well Butt againſt the City-Wall, as Butt againſt a Wife's Mother; for the Mother always ſides with the Daughter. However, hitherto the Shooe comes on without a Coney-skin; all's eaſie

yet to be discovered. Well——————proceed——

Suppose the young-man and his big-belly'd wife now a-bed together————Laud, my Dear (quo' she) had I known Marriage had been so chargeable, I believe thou could'st never have won me——what Charges, my Dear? cries the young man——Laud——my Mother tells me of so many things I shall want, that she makes me e'en mad——what things? cries her Husband————My Mother——Laud——my Mother makes me almost wild, she tells me I must have a new Bed————Oh, now I think on't cries her Husband, I know where there is a fine Damask Bed to be sold at second hand, I believe 'twill come for a small matter, I dare say, for less than half what it cost——Foh, cries the young woman, I have heard say, the Ladies at t'other end of the Town use a great deal of Paint, and a great many Washes, and these Paints and Washes leaves such a Perfume behind in the Beds——Foh——I'll have no second-hand-Beds——whuh! is that all? cries the Husband, then we'll have a new one, my Dear————New Damask Beds grow in every Upholsterers Shop in *Cornhill*——in the mean time, let's go to sleep, and talk of these things to morrow. VVhere's the disturbance of Marriage in all this? Here's nothing but Language from the wife as calm and smooth as Cream in a Milk-bowl, and the Man condescending in all things.

Next Morning comes the Mother again: Truly, Son, quoth she, I have been study-

ing all this Night to ſave Charges——I have been thinking and conſidering every way, but I can find no way to ſave the Expences of a new Bed——'Tis the firſt time, and 'twill be for your Credit to have all things new——But whether a Damask, or a fine Cloth Bed, that's the thing that troubles me——but let the Bed be what it will, we muſt have all *Calicut* for the firſt Fortnight, both within and without——the *Calicut* therefore muſt be bought in the firſt place——how much *Calicut* d'ye think will ſerve? quoth the Son——why truly, Son, quoth the Mother, I believe about a mile's Length's worth will ſerve——very good, Mother, cries the Husband——Then there muſt be Chairs and Cuſhions correſpondent——I knew a Parſon that would not Pray with a Sick Body that was juſt recommending her Soul to Heaven, becauſe the poor woman had never a Cuſhion for him to kneel upon; much leſs will our Parſon that ruſtles in Silk, Chriſten your Child without an extraordinary Cuſhion. Then there muſt be (for theſe are things that cannot be avoided) a Crimſon Sattin Mantle with a Gold and Silver Lace, as broad——hark ye Son——as broad as your——you know what. For that's the Rule we go by——ſo that when the Goſſips ſee the breadth of the Lace upon the Mantle, they readily gueſs at the length of the Man's you know what——Son: So that 'tis for your Credit Son, to have a broad Lace upon your Child's Mantle. I confeſs I had a very fine one of my own, and my Daughter ſhould have had

had it with all my heart —— but I lent it out to a Lady, and she had the grace never to let me have it again. And then what think ye, Son, of a Court-Cupboard cover'd with Silver Tankards and Candle-Cups; by my Troth, and if the Warming-Pan were of the same Metal, 'twere so much the better, and I'll give Forty Shillings towards it my self. There should be also for the Christening-day a large pair of *Holland* Sheets, with a deep *Flanders*, or fine *Hamilton* Lace, and I think the last will be well enough —— for I would not put ye, Son, to any more Charge than needs must —— besides, Son, these are Charges but once in your Life, when they are done with, they are laid up in Lavender till the next time unless you think fit to make any Alteration. I confess there must be a new Gown against the first time your Wife goes abroad —— that's all the reason i'the World —— for she is a new Woman, and a new Woman ought to have a new Gown. One thing Son, I had almost forgot, which is to give you some hint concerning your Belly Provision —— there must be fine Sugar enough for your Wife's use and the Nurse to Steal —— for Nurses will be Thieves for their Bellies, do what you can; besides Sack and Old Malaga for your Wive's and Nurse's Mornings Draughts. Then for your general Entertainments, they must be correspondent to the Splendour of your Wive's Chamber. But be sure there be no want of Neats-Tongues and *Westphalia*-Hams; let there be Piles of Oranges and Limons, and Mountains of *Woodstreet* Plumb-

Cakes; let the *Spaniſh* and *French* Juices run, till the Men tumble down Stairs, and the VVomen grow merry, and then your Reputation will be ſpread from one end of the Ward to the other. 'Tis true, I heard of a Vintner, that beſtowed Forty Pounds upon the Sprinkling of his Child, as the Quaker call's it, and then Broke; and his Wife and Children were returned back to the Wife's Friends, like ſo many *Bromingham* Groats: But Son, that's no Precedent for you; do your take my Advice, and my Bleſſing, and we ſhall never want theſe little Toys that we ſpeak of.

By my Troth, a moſt moderate Bill——, and all this while Money's worth for Money laid out. Why certainly, no Man that was not a meer Miſer, ever took it ill, to ſee his Houſe well furniſhed. Nor did any Man ever think it an Inconvenience of Marriage, to retaliate the Kindneſs of his Wife's Viſitants with Goſſips uſual and cuſtomary Diet. He that will have Godfathers and Godmothers to his mind, that will be Liberal to the Midwife and Nurſe, and give the Child a piece of Plate at the Months end, muſt bribe high; Necklaces of Pearl, Gold Watches, and broad Lac'd Petticoats, will not come to ordinary Goſſipings. And therefore they that make theſe Expences the Diſcomforts of Matrimony, are a ſort of Moroſe Libertines, that deſire an end of the World, for want of lawful Procreation. For they are ſuch neceſſary and incumbent Expences to the Act of Generation, that you may as well ſeparate the

Sea from the Mouth of a River, as part Expence from the Chamber of Delivery. Besides that, Man is Lord of the World, and of all the Creatures, and therefore it is fit that as much of the Creature as may be, should attend him at his first entry. Besides, this is the only time that a Woman has a little pleasure in her Life. For ten Months Languishing in Misery and Torture, one Month of a little transitory Delight; a great piece of business, indeed. Now she enjoys for a short time, Heaven knows, the Fruits of her tedious Sufferings; now she has her Friends about her, now she has her fine things and her Attendance about her, like a little Princess; but no sooner up again, but she must to her old trade of grunting and groaning. VVhere's the Justice of Men, to deny a poor VVoman one Month's Consolation in Twelve? The Man must be mad, that takes the Mirth and Jollity of his Neighbours and Friends Caressing his VVife, and the Pains of Delivery, for the Discomforts of Matrimony: For were it nothing else, the very Child she has brought forth is worth ten times the value of the Expence. For who knows but that she has made him the Father of a Prince, or some Victorious General, for which Posterity will Honour him? Nay, who knows but that she has brought forth a Martyr? and then she has not only replenish'd the Earth, but added to the number of the Saints. And now let the VVorld judge, whether to be the Father of a great Captain, or a Glorious Martyr, be not worth a Silk

Fringe, and a Basket or two of *Sevil* Oranges.

However, let the worst come to the worst, here's a Man-Child born, and it has been the Custom of all Nations to rejoyce for the Birth of a Man-Child. Suppose a Man had a Comfit-maker for his Tenant, how should he pay his Rent but by the advantage of Christenings? Then for Gossips to meet, nay to meet at a Christening or a Lying-in, and not talk, you may as well damm up the Arches of *London-Bridge* as stop their Mouths at such a time. 'Tis a time when Women like Parliament-men, have a Priviledge to talk Petty-Treason against their Husbands. And he's an Ignoramus of a Husband, that will not Pass an Act of Oblivion for the Trespasses of a Christening Banquet.

Oh! But Midwives and Nurses? what of them? why they are to be reckoned among the Intolerable Grievances of Matrimony. Their Reason? why, because the Wife is nice in her Choice, and refuses one for being too young, another too old, a third too clumsey-fisted, a fourth too talkative, and a fifth tipples too much: And can ye blame a woman for being wary and deliberative, in a matter of such Importance, as the concern of her Life. Rather the Husband ought to be pleased with the discretion of his Wife that labours to bear such Nuisances from approaching his Family, seeking only the necessary Assistance of Gravity and Stay'dness? And what if she be as coy in the choice of her Nurse, knowing the generality of

those

those sorts of Cattle, to be either Sluts or Lazy Jades, Liquorish Carrions, Thieves, or careless Tiplers of Strong Drink; certainly it shews the wisdom of the Woman which cannot but be a great Pleasure to her Husband. And thus you see that all the preparations to the Lying-in, instead of being Grievances, become the greatest Pleasures of Mankind. Clean Rooms, fine Furniture, delicate Food, Rich Wine, Good Company, and a Wife contented, which consummates all the rest.

VIII. *The Woman falls in Labour, is happily Delivered, with a Mess of the Gossips Discourse thereupon.*

WEll! what's the matter now? why 'tis about One of the Clock in the Morning, and dark as Pitch; and the Man lies as fast as if he had swallowed *Opium*; but we must wake him out of his sweet Slumbers with a Vengeance. For the Woman begins to feel the Pangs of Travel come upon her, and therefore there's no lying any longer for him. No, Bedads he must up and be stirring: here's another sort of Night-work now, not so Pleasing as his first Enjoyments. And now the Trade begins, up stairs, down stairs, hurry this way hurry that way; fetch my Mother, *Will*: And run to the Midwife, *Tom*: Away flies the Husband himself into the Street, and falls a knocking at the Neighbours Doors, as if the next Street were on Fire. Well——and what of all this? This is to divest a Man of all Cha-

rity

rity and Humanity: when a woman is surprized with the Pangs and Tortures of Travel, for a Husband to grutch his Rising once a Year in the Night, and going with a watchman before him a Mile or two to fetch a Midwife. This were to despoil a Man of all good Nature; to perswade a Man to deny his VVife the Assistance of her Neighbours and Friends in the most grievous Necessities of all their Lives. Sure these People would have VVomen only Stamp and Yean like Ewes. A hard Case! that women shall be depriv'd of the Consolation of Society, in their highest Distresses! women that were ever such Lovers of Company, that if possible, they never go to the Necessary House, but in Pairs. 'Tis the main Distinction between an Honest VVoman and a Baggage, that the one is never ashamed to be Delivered in a full Assembly of her own Sex; the other always sneaks into Holes and Corners, to be Deliver'd alone by her self. And therefore one would think a Man should be so far from believing it a trouble to have his wife well attended at her Labour, that he should rather count it a pleasure to trot about far and near, at such a time, for her Service. One would think it should be a great pleasure to a Man to see his wife respected and beloved by her Neighbours, all gathered about her in their Night-Rails, and obedient to the Directions of the Midwife, and happy is she that can be employ'd to warm a Clout for the Service of the VVoman in Labour. You would swear you saw that great Maxim of Morality, *Do*

as you would be done by, there truly put in Execution.

By and by the Woman is Deliver'd, and safely put to Bed; and then away runs the Nurse to carry the Joyful Tydings to the Father, of what God has sent him. Tell him of the Taking of the *Bridge* of *Esseck*, what cares he? The Nurse's News is ten times more grateful to him than the taking of a hundred *Bridges* of *Esseck*. And this he testifies, by his liberally rewarding the Nurse for her pleasing Intelligence: For he's a Man of Generosity, and does not do as that *Hunks* did, who when the Midwife brought him the News of a Son born, slid an *Edward* Sixpence into her hand; for which she drop'd him a Curt'sie, thinking it had been half a *Jacobus*: But when she came to see what it was, she gave him such a Report, that he had better have hang'd himself, but that his wretchedness made him Impudent and Laughter-proof.

And then to go into the Chamber, and hear the Charm of Gossips talking over the New-born Baby, and crying, *Fathers nown Child*, *Father's nown Likeness*, at the same time attesting the Honesty of his Wife, and his own Abilities; and then giving him Joy of his lovely Son; a Man would contemn the Morning Salutes of a Bevy of Nightingales on a *May-day* Morning, for the Musick of such welcomes of his Child into the world. All the Harmony of the Waits and Fiddles that wak'd him on the Morning of his Bridal Night, could be nothing to it. And thus you see him trebly rewarded in a Moment, for all his four or five hours trotting in the Dark before. And

therefore

therefore they that make it such an Annoyance of Marriage for a Man to be wak'd out of his sleep at Midnight to fetch the Midwife, are clear beside the Cushion; a sort of unmerciful, uncompassionate, pitylesse wretches. And I dare say, there's not one of these inhumane Barbarians that are so chary of their sleep, but would run ten Mile a foot in the dark to steal a Fat Buck, or to rob a Fish-Pond.

IX. *The Woman is Laid, and what follows after that, as to their Entertainment*, &c.

BUT now 'tis time for the young Man to shew his Breeding, and be Civil to his Gossips. Out comes a fair Cheese and Plumb-Cake, hold Belly hold; and to wash it down a round Bowl of *East-India* Punch. Fall on Neighbours, crys the happy Father, here's to you all, and I thank you for your kindness to my VVife. And this is counted another Disturbance of VVedlock. Surely we live in a strange Age, my Masters, when Common Civility must be thought a Nuisance of Marriage. As if a Man could do less than give a civil Treatment to a company of civil Neighbours and Friends, that left their warm Beds, and their Husbands at Midnight, some of them perhaps before they were half Downdidled, in pure kindness to his VVife.

Now suppose the VVomen do talk a little merrily over their Cups to their new Father; they know he has known woman, and understands something of *Aristotle's* Problems. Surely it cannot but be a great pleasure to hear himself

ſelf applauded and commended, though it be a little ſmuttily, for the Vigour of his Parts, and that he has won himſelf notable Divulgers of his Reputation. I have heard ſay, (ſays the Midwife) there has been Laws made in ſome Countries, that if a Woman found her Husband impotent, ſhe might make choice of the moſt likely of her next a kin. But Heaven's be Prais'd, there's no need of thoſe Laws in this Family——here Son, here's to the next————and then ſhe drinks off a cleaver *Supernaculum.* Ha, Mother (quoth the new Father) you do well to encourage a young Gameſter————I confeſs (replies the Midwife) I like a Man that performs his work within the Year——ſuch a Man is like to be a good Cuſtomer to our Trade. Ay, but Mother, (quoth the new Father) where's your kindneſs to us all this while?————As how Son?——You tell us (reply'd the new Father) of Laws made in kindneſs to the VVomen————I wiſh there were a Law too made for the Men, that the Midwife, or the Nurſe might ſupply the VVive's place during Gander-Month——Laud——Sirs, cries one of the Company, that would be the way to have none but young Midwives, and young Nurſes, unexperienced People, and what ſhould we poor VVomen do then? why then, Madam, what think you of a Law to be made, that ſuch VVomen whom their Hubands could not get with Child, ſhould come to us try'd Men, during that Vacation, and ſee what we could do? There's ſomething in that indeed, quoth the Gentlewoman, but I love Liberty of Conſci-

ence:

ence, I don't love that force ſhould be put upon Women in that particular——Charity is one thing, Wantonneſs another. And therefore the Gentlewoman did well, who having been kind to her Neighbour, while his Wife was in the Straw, refuſed him when he came to requeſt the ſame Courteſie after his Wife was up and well——What, quoth ſhe, did ye take me for a Whore? and indeed, there may be ſome reaſon for a Woman to be kind to her Neighbour at ſuch a time upon two Conſiderations: Firſt, as I ſaid before upon the ſcore of Charity to the Man; and Secondly, out of kindneſs to the Woman, her particular Friend: for ſhe, fearing leſt her Neighbour ſhould run aſtray among ſtrange Women, and get ſome foul Diſeaſe to the prejudice of her dearly beloved Friend, and knowing her ſelf to be ſound and wholeſome, and that ſhe has enough to ſpare, believes it a piece of Generoſity for the preſervation of her Friends Health, and to prevent expence of Phyſick and Family Diſturbance, to gratifie her Neighbour's neceſſity; only for ſuch a time and no longer.

Now ye talk of having enough to ſpare, quo' the Midwife, I'll tell you a ſtory, that I read in my younger days, ſomewhere or other, I can't tell where. There was a young Gentlewoman that liv'd in ſome Town or other beyond the Seas, Marry'd a Man, who was not ſo briſk as my Son here; however, he was Jealous, and watched her, and she had the misfortune to be taken in the Arms of one that pleas'd her better than her Husband.

Where

Whereupon, her Husband, like an impotent Fool as he was, grew Horn-mad preſently, and would needs take the Severity of the Law againſt her; which was no leſs than Death, if the Fact was prov'd upon her. There wanted no proof, you may be certain, on the Husband's part; but how d'ye think the Lady came off? Quoth ſhe to the Judge, Pray ask my Husband, if ever I deny'd him the Satisfaction of my Body, when-ever he requir'd it? which the Husband confeſs'd to be true. Well then (my Lord) reply'd the Lady, what ſhould I have done with the overplus, that remain'd in my own power? Should I have ſquander'd it away like the Elder's Maid? was it not better for me to pleaſure an honeſt Gentleman whoſe wife had been a week in the Straw, than a ſurfeited Husband, who had ten times more than he knew what to do with? Truly Daughters, my Son has Started a nice Queſtion, the Determination of which is to be left to the Diſcretion or Kindneſs of his Neighbours; only you have heard my Story.

How the Devil can a Man ſpend his time more merrily than in ſuch Company as this? But now comes that that ſpoils all again —— Within two or three days after, comes the Nurſe to the new Father, and tells him his hopeful Iſſue has got a Thruſh i'the Mouth on't, and refuſes to ſuck: More than this, that his wife has got ſore Nipples, and in danger of a Fever. Well, and what of all this? is a Man bound to indemnifie his Wife, or his Children, from the Infirmities of Nature?

But here's the wonder, that when the Wife or the Infant are fallen under any Distemper, it should be counted a Disturbance of VVedlock, to send for a Doctor or Chyrurgeon to procure their Recovery And yet the same Persons care not what they lavish away upon a young Colt, nor what they spend upon a Surfeited Race Horse: How many Mens Stables cost them more than their Wives Bed-Chambers? One *Strawberry*, or a *Tregenel*, shall be more charily look'd after, than all the Wives and Children in *Europe*: A pleasant Extravagance, to grutch a sick Wife and Child the Assistance of a Nurse and a Physician, when a Filli Foal, forsooth, must have at least three or four Meth-dr-Nurses to tend him at a time: Nay, should the Pamper'd Beast fall sick, there are some who would exchange a Child for a Colt, at any time; and acknowledge it a kindness from Heaven, to take the one, and spare the other.

But then they are troubled that the Neighbours, when they hear of the VVoman or the Child's Illness, should be so diligent and good-natur'd as to visit the Sick: The Communication of their Experience, the *Probatum*'s and *Recipe*'s is a disturbance of Matrimony; they make a noise i'the Chamber, they cry: what if they do? Their talk does not cost any thing; or what if it did? 'Tis not a Three-penny matter, compared to what your *Jowler* and *Trowler*—— Men spend upon a company of yelping Hounds. Affliction, they say, is the Touch-stone of Friendship——Here's the Woman ill, and her Friends come to visit her:

——Here's the Child sick, and the Neighbours bring Cart-loads of Receipts and *Recipe*'s and contribute their *Probatums* with the same zeal as the women carried their Thimbles to *Guild-Hall*. Now one would think that the Man should be highly pleased, and that it should be one of the main Pleasures of his Marry'd Estate, to see his Friends and Neighbours so numerously careful of his Wife and Child; for still many Heads are better than one.

But now both the Child and the Mother are well again, and the Mother begins to require a stronger and more costly Diet than Oat-meal Caudles, and New-laid Eggs; she must have Pearch and Pullets, and Pigeons, and VVidgeons, Roast Veal, and young Turkies, and I know not what my self: VVell——and what now?——The Men will have all these Delicacies by themselves at the Tavern, tho' they never Lay-in in their Lives, while their poor Lying-in VVives, after such a wast of Blood and Spirits must be debarr'd the common Restoratives of Nature: And thus we find all along, 'tis not Matrimony, but the Expence of Matrimony that these men grumble at; could there be but a way found for Men to keep their VVives and Children for nothing, you should see what Encomiums and Panegyricks would be made upon VVedlock: 'Tis a wonder, among so many Projects that the *Gresshamites* did not hit upon it. Stay——there is one now I think on't, that comes to my mind——Let the Men send their VVives and Children to the Commons and

and Chases a Grazing——if they can but Fast Winter and Spring, there will be wild Strawberries and Bilberries enough to fill their Bellies in Summer and Autumn; and better the Birds starve, than poor Women and Children; Then for Cloaths, their Husbands old cast-off Coats and Cloaks will serve; whereas now here's such a Consumption of Gold and Silver upon Lac'd Petticoats, that the Man can hardly get Money enough to go to the Tavern: Oh, but they'll say, there's reason in Roasting of Eggs. A Child-bed Woman may be restored at a cheaper rate, after her Moling-time, than with dissolv'd Pearl, and butter'd Crabs: But suppose the kind Husband thinks nothing too good for her, must he be stinted by a Ragamuffin of a Marriage-hater? 'Tis time to cry out, God bless poor sinful Women, when Sack and Sugar comes to be a Crime.

X. *The Gossips Invited; together with some of the pleasant and jocular Discourse that passes among them.*

NOW here's another Hell of Matrimony, according to the Opinion of the Humorists of this Age: the good women, forsooth, Neighbours, Friends, and She-Relations of the Woman in Child-bed, were kind and civil, to come at a whistle, to assist the good Woman at her Labour; for which the grateful Husband invites 'em together, and bestows a decent Entertainment upon 'em; and this is thrown in the Dish of Matrimony, as a great Grievance of Wedlock: Now let the World judge, the

good VVoman's recovered, has borne the Brunt of a hard Labour, has replenish'd the World, there's ne'er a Maid the leſs for her, as they ſay, and her Acquaintance and Friends, ſuch as she ſent for, ſuch as came at midnight, are ſummoned to Congratulate her Recovery, what a Reputation now would it be for the Husband, that when they come together, they find nothing but a piece of dry Bread, and *Suffolk* Cheeſe, to comfort their Hearts! theſe are crumbs of cold Comfort, for Gentlewomen to come a mile or two a Goſſiping: VVomen are ſociable Creatures, and have Tongues in their heads, as well as Men; but their Diſcourſe is a grievance of Matrimony: Heavens bleſs us! would you have 'em ſit like ſo many Turks in a Coffee-houſe, ſmoaking their Noſes, and drinking Sherbet without ſpeaking one to another for a whole day together? 'Tis not their buſineſs to trouble their heads with Elections of Sheriffs, or Parliament-men; pray give 'em leave to talk of ſuch things as fall within the Verge of their Underſtandings; 'tis their buſineſs to bring Children into the world, upon which many Caſualties depend, and theſe Caſualties produce a thouſand Themes for Diſcourſe: when they talk Bawdy, 'tis not Bawdy in them, but pure Philoſophy: How many Goſſiping-places are there about this City for Men? There is *John*'s Coffee houſe, and *Dick*'s Coffee-houſe, and the Royal Coffee houſe, the Exchange Coffee-houſe, and the VVidow's Coffee-houſe, and *Sam*'s Coffee-houſe, beſides two thouſand four hundred and fifty Coffee-houſes more, where

you shall hear Men with green Aprons, talking and prateing together so idlely, so Coxcomically, so Pragmatically, that 'twould make a Man Spew to hear 'em? here sits one Company of Ideots Reforming the State; there another sits telling ye what the Duke of *Lorain* intends to do the next Summer before he has quitted the Field this Autumn, while the rest sit steaming their Eyes, and gaping after News as Maids hearken after Sweet-hearts; and by and by comes in one for their Turn, that sits him down, and amuses the Gulls with more Lyes than are in *Mandevil*. Another tells 'em of a Project he has of making Town-Tops spin without an Eel-skin, as if he bore Malice to the School-Boys: and if a *German* Doctor come in to entertain 'em with Rhodomontado's in Physick, you shall hardly perswade 'em to quit the Room.

But the Women's Discourse is pat and home to the business in hand; if they come to a Sitting-up Feast, they laugh and are merry over their Rhenish-wine and Goose-pye; if they are Invited to a Funeral they weep over their burnt Wine and *Naples* Biscuit; this is to the purpose, and indeed at a Gossiping-Feast, the work of Generation is so large a Theme, and so pleasing, that it holds 'em tack in spite of their Teeth: There is so many Appendixes belong to the work of Generation, so many Accidents, some precedent, some subsequent; so many Questions to be put concerning it, that though a Gossip's Feast should endure a whole Century, it would be

time little enough to discourse upon the several Subjects.

For Example: One VVoman is troubl'd in Conscience, about what time of the Day or Night is best for a Man to Caress his Wife. Now where would you have this Question put, but in an Assembly of those that have try'd, and are best able to settle the Matter? Thereupon the Question being fairly started, that in four and twenty Hours, there were two times chiefly to be observ'd for a Man to yield Obedience to the Command of Love; the one four or five hours after Dinner; and the other, four or five hours after Supper: for then, said he, the Body is neither too full, nor too empty, the Concoction of the Stomach is in some measure perfected, the natural Heat is refreshed, and the Spirits are multiplied; and that though the Man should be at a great Expence, yet there would be a Reserve left, for the Foundation of a new Supply. Another cry'd, that she heard, the Evening Caresses were more Delightful, and the Morning Embraces more wholesome. If so, cries a third, then let me have the Evening Caresses for Pleasure, and the Morning Embraces for Health. Upon all which, and much more that was said to the same purpose, another concluded, that there was no reason for a Man that was *sane*, to be so superstitious in the Observance of Times and Seasons: but that which troubled her most, was, to know what were the certain Limits which Nature had set to the fre-

Gossips taking her up, Neighbour, Neighbour, if the Men would do as they say, that Question would soon be answered: For I heard, my Husband should make his brags, a while ago, at the Tavern, among his Wine-bibbing Companions, that he was a second *Hercules*; but he lies, like a stinking Knave as he is——Bless me! cries another, d'ye talk of Limits in this particular? as if a Man were to be stinted, in this Case! Let him do as often as he pleases, he shall never be stinted for me; I'll never do as the *Portugal* VVoman did, complain to the King of her Husband's over-frequent Kindness to her, and force the King by her Tears and her Importunity, to such a stint. VVhy, was there ever such a VVoman, indeed, Lau? cries another. Ay, indeed was there, replys the other, if Stories be true; but this I read particularly in a Book of Midwifery. Bodikins, cries the other, the King should never have stinted my Husband, had he been the best King i'the VVorld: VVhat Authority, I would fain know, has a King to stint my Husband?——At which they all fell a Laughing; and after a Cup about, they fell off from their Natural Philosophy, and enter into a Discourse about the Duty of Husbands. Marry crys one, and I think 'tis but all the reason in the World, that our Husbands should be dutiful to us, when we bear the burden of the day.——If we bear, 'tis but fit they should suffer.——My Husband, when I was first Married, was forc'd to Court me a whole Week, to let him come to Bed to me, for only neglecting to fetch me home

from such a Gossiping as this, as I commanded him——————I have made him rise many a time, in a Frosty Morning, to kindle me a Fire in my Chamber, when my Maid has been Sick.——————But what if he would not?——————Why then, cries the other, I'd have kick'd him out of the Bed, that's the long and the short on't. You are happy, Madam, cries the other,——————I wish I could say so too.——————My Husband comes in roaring and ranting a Nights, and if I give him the least angry word, 'tis true, he does not beat me, but he falls a banging the great Looking-glass in my Dining-Room, and then I fall a crying, and am forc'd to hold my peace, for fear of my *Indian* Cabinet——————You are a Fool, Neighbour—— the next time he serves you so, I'll tell you what you shall do——————Go to the next Shop where you are known, and take up upon his score as many Looking-glasses as will hang round the Room:——— Cuds fish! cries the Complainant, he'll send 'em home again, and what shall I be the better for that?——— No——— before he shall do that, break 'em your self, cries the other, 'twill make him weary of breaking Looking-glasses, I warrant yee——My Neighbour's i'the right, for that, cries another; but what if my Husband think it his Duty to get his Maid with Child?——— Oh, Neighbour, replies the other, there's the Law of Titt for Tatt, in that Case—— let your Man get you with Child——— I was going t'other day to look for an old Petticoat in a high Press that I have i'the Garret, and what should I find there, but the sweetest

Babe that ever I ſaw i' my life, faſt aſleep, and as mute as a Whiting——Preſently I call'd up my Maid, and ask'd her whoſe Child that was? She fell on her Knees, and told me it was hers: By whom, I pray now, Mrs. *Gillian*? (quo' I:) By my Maſter, forſooth, (quo' ſhe,) and I could not find i' my heart to murther it; but have tended it ſo carefully ever ſince it was born, that I am ſure you never heard it cry, or make the leaſt noiſe in this world. Truly, I was ſo taken with the Ingenuity of my Maid, that I preſently ſent for a Nurſe, and put it out at my own Charges. Thereupon they all cry, there was no Revenge in that——No, (quo' ſhe,) but there is in this, that the next of mine, will be none of my Husband's, I can tell him that for his Comfort: Beſides, I read him ſuch a Curtain Lecture for it, that the poor Cuckold was forc'd to down on his Marrow-bones, and ask me forgiveneſs to boot.

Truly, Neighbour, (cries one,) in my Opinion, your firſt Revenge was a little too ſevere; had you only given him a Curtain-Lecture, and made him pay for keeping the Child; it had been enough; for it is grown ſo cuſtomary, now-a-days, for Maſters to Kiſs their Maids, that they will Kiſs their Maids though the Miſtreſs lay a Dying. I have heard of a Sadler, that had a very careful, good wife, but becauſe ſhe was not Immortal, ſhe fell ſo ill of a ſudden, that her Husband verily thought ſhe had been upon her Death-Bed: while ſhe lay in this Condition, he ſobb'd, he wept, he bemoan'd his loſs, and nothing would

serve him, but he would dye with her: At last, when he thought her past Recovery, and perceived no body in the Chamber but his dying Wife, and a Chamber-maid beautiful enough, he beckon'd her to him, and in a soft lamentable Tone, *Betty* (said he) I am now resolved to die my self, since thy Mistress is so near her end; and therefore I recommend my House and Children to thy care, and so saying, delivered her the Keys of all he had.

The poor Girl touch'd with Compassion, besought her Master, gave him the most comfortable Language she could, beseeching him to lay aside such despairing Thoughts. O *Betty*, *Betty*, (cry'd the Master,) there is but one thing can recover me, and that is thy Kindness to me: And so saying, he threw her upon the Bed, and began to feel her Breasts; which his wife that had not spoken in three days before, beholding, it put her into such a rage, that she recover'd, and liv'd many years after, to upbraid the Falseness of her Husband.

Now ye talk of Maids, cries another, I'll tell ye a Story of a Maid that served me about three or four years after I was Marry'd: She was a good handsom Girl, and my Husband had such an aching Tooth at her, that he follow'd her up and down the House, when I was out of the way, and would never let her be at quiet; of all which, the Maid was so honest, as still to give me an account: At length the Wench, wearied with his Courtship, resolv'd to put a trick upon him, that so she might be rid of him: which fell out

luckily; for it happen'd that one day, my Husband thinking I had been ſafe, found her ſifting Flower in the Paſtry, to make Apple-pyes, with a Straw-hat on her head, and a Night-Rail about her ſhoulders, and there laid cloſe Siege to her. The Maid preſently lays hold of this Opportunity, and having ſeemingly condeſcended, deſires him to put on her Hat, and to keep the Bolter going, while ſhe went out upon the ſcout to ſee that all things were ſecure: To all which my Husband readily conſented: But I'faith, my Maid ſerved him a Trick for his Learning; for away ſhe came running to me, and told me in what a poſture ſhe had left him; nor was I leſs haſty to ſee what a new Paſtry-Maid I had got——But Laud——when I ſaw my Husband ſo ſtrangely bedizen'd in his Straw-hat, and his Night-rail, I thought I ſhould have dy'd with Laughing——honeſt Maid (quoth I) what Wages ſhall I give you a Month? you look like one that will prove an excellent Servant. My Husband hearing my Voice, and finding himſelf Betrayed, you would have burſt your ſides to ſee how he look'd, with his Face all Mealy, and ſtaring like a roaſted Pigg——down went the Straw-hat, off went the Night-Rail, and away he went out at the Back-door, as if the Devil had been at his Tail——I think ſo he was (quoth another) when you were ſo near him. This put 'em all into ſuch a loud Laughter, that 'twas a wonder they did not break the Backs of the Chairs with their Shoulders; and ſome were ſo taken with the Story, that they could not

forbear Laughing backward as well as forward.

Come, Neighbours, cries another, this is a time to be Merry, and tell Stories——but let's first drink,——here Gossip, here's to your next Husband and mine.——Faith, quoth she, I drink as I think——So.——now to my Story——I remember, my Mother was wont to tell a Tale of a Neighbour of hers, a good wealthy Farmer, who had a very good Woman to his Wife, that brought him a good Fortune, and made it her Endeavours to please him in all things, and he was the less afraid to displease her: But for all the great Love he bore her, he was withal so Charitable, that many times he gave to his Neighbours what was more properly due to his VVife: This Farmer had a Dairy-maid, of a delicate Complexion, for whom he had a very great Kindness: But fearing his VVife should take notice of it, he made great Complaints of her every day to his Wife, telling her what a lazy Slut she was, and wondring why she did not bang her Sides——Why then (quoth the good Woman to her Husband, suspecting nothing) do you bang her Sides; you see her Miscarriages oftner than I.——Why then VVife, quoth the Husband. with your leave, so I will——but now I think on't, quoth he, should I make use of my Cudgel, my hand is so heavy, I should break her Bones——but Twigs break no Ribs——I'll e'en exercise my Talent upon her Buttocks, as you do by your Children, and I warrant I'll bring her to something——As you think

fit for that, (quoth the Wife,) for I have neither the heart to beat her to purpose, nor the strength to master her. Away goes the Husband, and, like a cruel Beadle, provides himself a swinging Rod, no less dreadful than the Picture in *Winchester* School; so that the poor Woman had more Pity for her Maid, than Suspicion of her Husband.

Soon after, the Spirit moving him, up he gets from his Wife betimes in the Morning, and away he posts to his Dairy-maid in the Garret; where he gave her another sort of Chastisement than what his Wife meant. When he had done, the Wench fell a crying, the Master fell a threshing the Straw and Bed-posts, till he had worn the Rod to the very Stumps; and so returning to his Wife——well (quoth he) I think I have done her business——I believe she'll remember *May-day* Morning as long as she lives. Within a few days after, the Maid being taken with a Qualm of Repentance, comes to her Mistress, and falling upon her Knees, with Tears in her Eyes, began to tell her, how that her Husband had done her the greatest wrong imaginable. Her Mistress thinking it had been the business of the Rods, not suffering her to go on——Your Master (quo' she) has done well——'twas no more than I bid him do——all that I fear, is, he has not done so much as he should have done. The Dairy-Maid hearing her Mistress's Approbation, began to have a better Opinion of her self, and to believe it no sin, for a Maid to lie with her Master, especially when

the Bed-poſts ſuffer'd for it; and from that time forward, reſolved never to refuſe her Maſter's Correction when-ever he was ſo kind as to give it her.

Lau ye now, cries another, are not theſe Men a wicked ſort of People, to accuſe Women of ſo much Subtlety, as they do———here was a Knave in grain, ought to have been hung up by the heels, for all the good Women in the Pariſh to have had a Laſh at his Tail, for deceiving a good Woman, as he did———But I'faith he ſhould not have cozen'd me ſo; if he would have been Correcting, I'd have ſeen the Correction done my ſelf. I knew a young Gameſter that us'd to tickle his Chamber-maid———and one Summer Morning, very early, he carry'd her down into the Garden, and cauſing her to make a Crucifix upon the Graſs, he went to work with her——But perceiving that one of his Neighbours had ſpy'd him out of her Chamber-window, up he went, and fetching down his Wife, ſerv'd her in the ſame Sawce———within a day or two after, the Neighbour came and told the good woman what ſhe had ſeen her Husband do to her Maid. My Maid!———Neighbour, quoth the good woman, 'twas my ſelf, I aſſure yee———why, d'yee think, quoth the woman, that I don't know you from your Maid? I tell yee 'twas my ſelf, quoth the other; and do what her Neighbour could do for her life, ſhe could not perſwade her to the contrary.

And thus they hop from one Story to another, as Birds from Bough to Bough: For

their Tongues never lye still but when they drink, for they can talk with their Mouths-ful. And now woe be to those that have got an ill Name——there's not a Man or Woman they know of, that is not scann'd, for their good or bad Deeds——Such a one, cries one, was forc'd to submit to a Search, t'other day, in the Court of *Arches*, at the Complaint of her Husband——Cuds-bobs, quoth another, I heard something of it indeed——pray, Neighbour, how did it go? —— Why, the Midwife that was foremost of the Jury, brought it in, That she had as good a one as she had, and she had enough to serve the best four Men in *England*——Another whispers her Neighbour in the Ear, so loud that all the Company may hear her, ——'Slife, Gossip, they say, Mrs. *What d'yee call 'em*, was brought home t'other Night in a Coach, by two tearing Gallants, at Twelve of the Clock at Night, presently five great Candles were call'd for, to light the Gentlemen up Stairs, where they stay'd with her till two of the Clock in the Morning——I pity the poor Man her Husband (and then she shakes her head, as if she would shake her Teeth out of her Mouth——These are all ill things, Neighbour, quo' she——what are all ill things, Gossip? cries another——Things that we are talking of, cries another.——Now ye talk of Things, cries another; of all things that ever I heard of, I cannot but admire at one of my Acquaintance in *White-Chappel*, that shall be nameless——Why, what of her? ——Why, she was brought to Bed about a

year since———but when she was in Labour, she cryed out, she could not be Deliver'd before the Thing that got it was cut off. ——And what became of the Business? ——What became on't Kether——— Why we were forc'd to send for Doctors and Chyrurgeons, and get the Husband up, and give him good words to let it be cut off.——— At first to save his Thing——he swore 'twas none of his thing that got it——till the Chyrurgeons told him how they intended to Cozen his Wife———And how was that pray?———Why there were all things formally done——the Husband roar'd ———and the likeness of a Thing was shewn all Bloody, as if newly cut off——— and then the Woman was brought to Bed; but I must tell 'ye, Mrs. *Foreman* repented it a thousand times before her Month was out ——and when she came to understand how she was deceived, never was Woman so over-joy'd as she was.

By this time their Husbands were come to attend them home, and the young Father unwilling to disturb their Mirth before, enters with all his Myrmydons. And now higgledy piggledy, the Women must not think to have all the Chat themselves——Pray my dear cries one, look well upon that Child——'tis a brave Boy faith, and I intend this Night, to get such another——hold Husband, quoth his Wife, I'll give ye four Nights, and do the best you can——I'm afraid you will come short of my Neighbour by his Workmanship.]

By and by they begin to grow mellow, and then they are all for chopping and changing of VVives; the Men take the VVomen as the Lots fall; and throw them upon the Green-woman's Bed, where as far as Kissing and Smuggling goes, there's no mercy. Fie, Mr. *Such-a-one*, cries one——I wonder y'are not asham'd cries another——Husband, (cry's another) pray come help me; I am busie wife, quoth he. Another more dextrously handled, cries, well——well——I hear ye——some are so coy and so nice, that when her Paramour comes to give her a Buss, she gives him a Box o'the Ear——Stand away Cock-Robin, quoth she, ——I'll gi' ye a slap o'the Face, cries another if ye meddle with me——but this wont serve their Turn——The Men must have Busses, and Busses they will have——This begets a Petty Skirmish at the t'other end of the Room—— The VVomen pull off the Mens Perriwigs, and defend themselves with their Claws for a while, but not able to hold out, they are forc'd to yield at length, with a Proverb in their Mouths——*Better give a Knave a Kiss than be troubled with him.*

This Horse-play being over, in comes the Punch-Bowl, and that compleats the work of the Night: The Men grows Tipsie, and tell Stories of their VVives; the VVomen get Maudling, and tell an hundred Tales, what their Husbands said to them, when they first came a wooing——and by what strange Accidents they came together——Laud——cries one, I no more dreamt of having this Husband of mine two days before I had him, than I

dreamt to be Pope of *Rome*——For I was Courted by as Compleat a Handsome young Man as you should see in a Summers day——But (he forsooth) when all things were agree'd upon, besides my Portion, would needs have a Mare that my Father had in his Stable, or else 'twas no Bargain: Nay thought I, if you come a wooing to my Father's Mare, and not to me, e'en fare ye well——I'll be no Man's Wife that must have a Mare for his *Miss*; and so I hit upon this Cock-Robin here——Ah *Bobo*, would'st thou but take my Advice, thou might'st be an happy Man——Hickup, Hickup, quoth another, I have a Ne'er-be-good too yonder, Hickup,——Do what I can for my Life, Hickup,——I can't keep him out of the Bowling Green, Hickup,——in *Whitmore-Fields*, sometimes I walk that way, Hickup——in an Evening, and there I can hear his voice——Hickup,——Rub, rub, rub, rub, Hickup——But Sirrah *Will*——if thou would'st but rub, rub——Hickup——more at home, 'twould be——Hickup——a great deal the better for thee——Hickup.

The Punch-Bowl thus empty'd, the VVomen are up in Arms to hear another call'd for——No, by no means, they cry altogether——and judging every one her own Husband to her self, they put on their Scarfs and their Hoods, and home they march, leaning upon their Husbands Arms, with a more than ordinary weight you may be sure. Perhaps one or two are so godly as to say their Prayers by the way——that's nothing, 'tis but turning the Petticoat, and all's well again.

Thus

Thus Gentlemen and Ladies, here has been a Child-bed VVoman Visited——here has been a great many Stories told——here has been a great deal of Philosophy reveal'd, a world of Mirth and Jollity; and which is the Cement of good Company, perhaps a great deal of good Cheer. Now the Duce take me, if I can find where any Grievance of Matrimony is to be discovered in all this. For the VVomen have their Laws and Constitutions in these Cases among themselves, as unalterable as those of the *Medes* and *Persians*. They know that no Body goes to meet in bare VValls, but they that go to Church. Deny them the Retaliation of a Gossips Feast, and you may bring your VVife to Bed your self the next time: Thus far then we are right. And now to the next.

IX. *The Child comes to be Coated, the Child grows froward, and the Inconveniency of* Wet-Nurses.

'TIS very true, Man that is born of a VVoman must be Coated; that's a Maxim not to be deny'd: Children must be Coated before they can wear Breeches. They say indeed, that the Sons of the Gyants were put in Breeches as soon as they were born, because they were as big as our Children at nine or ten years of Age, and could go as soon as they dropt from their Mothers VVombs: Besides that, they had Teeth at their first coming into the World, and never suck'd. But it is

not so with the Children of this Age, they must be Coated for the conveniency of the Nurses turning up their shitten Tails. Let them therefore want a Coat to their Backs that murmur at the Coating of Children. But they do not grumble at the Coating of Children, they cry, but that the Mother keeps such a fiddle-faddle about it. 'Tis an hard case that a Mother must be snibb'd, and snubb'd, and curb'd about the Coating of her Child. 'Tis the Mother's delight to see her Child go trim and neatly dreſt. But you'll say, the Mother is too sollicitous about the Mode and Richness of the Stuff; and in a short while, the Child must have a Lac'd Bonnet with a Plume of Feathers to boot. And all the reason in the World; for the Child is to be carried abroad and be shown, and the finer it is, the more graceful it will look: It may be too, the Father is an Artillery-man, and then I hope he will not grudge his Man-Child a Feather. You'll say that in former times, the *Picts*, who inhabited one of the coldest Climes in *England*, were wont to go naked, and there was none of this trouble among them about Coating of Children: But alas we have no such hardning of Children now adays. That Woman would have all the Boys at her heels, that should walk in the Streets, and her Nurse following her with a Child in her Arms, as naked as ever 'twas born; besides the danger of its dying of a Chin-cough. Some men indeed, will look askew, to see their Children, as soon as born, in Silk Lac'd Coats, and all things correspondent; but their Wives have

an Answer for 'em; they take 'em up at the first rebound, and cry, why, is it finer than my Neighbour such-a-one's Child? What can any Man say to that now, if he be but a person of Reason? however, the poor Man shakes his head, and cries, Wife, the *Lacedæmonians*, and they were a frugal People, were never wont to trick up their Infants so gay ——Fart for the *Lacedæmonians* (quoth she) VVhat d'ye tell me of the *Lacedæmonians*? I had as lieve have no Children, as not to see them go fine.

By and by comes the Godmother, hearing when the Child is to be Coated, and brings it a Gilt Coral, a Silver Spoon and Porringer, and a brave new Tankard of the same Metal, with a Train of half a dozen Gossips; and after them, for the New flies, half a dozen more; and so by threes and by fours, till the House be as full as at the late Gossips Feast. S'life what shall we do now? ——For the Godmother will expect to be treated ——why, 'tis an happiness that *London* never wants a Market. Then the Husband beckning to his VVife—— hark ye——VVife, a word wi'ye——well—— what's the matter now?——who thought of a Parliament? S'niggars daggars, here's the Tribe of *Gad* come in upon us——what, more Treats still?——More Treats still? (quo the wife) ay and more and more Treats after that, if I please; are they not your Friends as well as mine? ——Go, go: prithee get thee to Market, and buy that which is good, and send it in quickly ——'tis almost Twelve a clock, and we have nothing but cold Meat in the House. At

this the Man ſcratches his Head, goes to his Till, takes his Cane and Gloves, and away he marches——Now ſuppoſe he does buy up a whole Poulterers Shop, and ſend it in, he has the worth on't in good Plate. Nay you ſhall ſee how he's rewarded for his good Deeds; for by and by the 'Prentice comes after him into the Market, and tells him the Godfathers are come too, the one with a whole piece of Flower'd Silk, the other with a ſet of Gilt Spoons, the gifts of Lord-Mayors at ſeveral times: Now is not this worth a good Dinner d'ye think?——Certainly there cannot be a greater Pleaſure to a Man, than to find that his Child has ſuch Benefactors before he is five Weeks old——as if the free gift of gilt Spoons and Silver Tankards were to be reckoned among the Diſcomforts of Wedlock. But theſe mumblers againſt Matrimony pick out the worſt, and leave out the beſt. Poverty indeed may a little embitter Matrimony; but good Friends and Relations render Wedlock the moſt comfortable of all Conditions——let a man but make as good a Choice all along as he did at firſt, and then there's every Child a new Tankard. For look ye, there's Policy in all things——The next Goſſips Feaſt the Husband brings forth his Gilt Spoons and his Tankard ——and cries, theſe Spoons were given my Son *Tom* by his Godfather, and this Tankard was given him by his Godmother——which is enough to teach the others what Copy to follow. Whence we muſt infallibly conclude, that coating a Child is no Diſcomfort of Matrimony:

bring forth every Month such Silver Comforts as these.

But here's the business; the Mother does not care for the trouble of Suckling her Child her self, and therefore there must be a Wet Nurse taken into the House, and the Devil's in that sort of Cattel. For then you shall have a Stuff-gut, a Stroy-good, a Spoil-all, a Tale-bearer, and what not? She must have the first Cut of the Meat from the Table; she must have her Toast and Sack a Mornings, and her Quarts of all Ale at Dinner and Supper, and between Meals, there's nothing can rest in the Cupboard for the Worm in her greedy Gut. What of all this? as if a Mother could be too indulgent to her Foster-Sister, that supplies her stead. Good Liquor and often feeding, breeds good Milk, and good Milk makes fat growing Children. D'ye think a Mother does not take more delight in calling her Child *Fat Fubbs*, than *Skelleton*? and do ye think it is not as great a pleasure for a Father to see his Child thrive, rather than prove a starveling? More than this, I must tell ye, that in *Ireland* your Foster-Sisters do not only suckle the Child but the Father too; and can there be a greater pleasure and advantage of Matrimony, than to derive from thence, by the vertue of getting Children, the Opportunity of enjoying a kind of Legal Variety? For he's a Fool of a Foster-Brother, that will not change his Foster-Sister every Child, supposing his Affection to the old one be worn out.

Now

Now is there any Man ſo unconſcionable, as to believe that ſuch a Woman does not deſerve good Victuals and good Drink, that gives the Child and the Father ſuck both at one time? A' my word, 'tis a great exhauſting to Nature, and requires a large ſupply. And therefore let not theſe Mumblers againſt Matrimony keep ſuch a pudder about the Extravagancies of the Wet-Nurſe——for what ſhe conſumes one way, ſhe ſaves another; for ſhe keeps the good Man from ſcaperloitring abroad, and ſpending his Money among dirty Drabs. She's at hand upon all occaſions; and the Devil's in't, if a Wife and a Nurſe be not enough for one Man. I confeſs, you may meet with ſome of your *Wapping* Nurſes that are very Pockey; but they are ſo conſcionable that they will never let themſelves be felt, for fear of a diſcovery; by which means the Father eſcapes, though they ſend the Child to *Peg-Trantum's* in a ſmall time; which may be a great eaſe to a Man ſometimes, eſpecially if his wife come too faſt.

But ſuppoſe the Child be put out to Nurſe in the Country; then there muſt be Soap, and Candles, and Sugar, and four Shillings a Week, and the Devil and all. However, by this means, the Child is out of hearing; ſome Men cannot endure the bawling and yawling of Children, nor the wicked Voices of Nurſes ſinging *Hopkins's* Tunes to ſtill them; they had rather hear a noiſe of the City-Muſick, by half, over a Fiſh Dinner. But then there muſt be another Expence, if the Mother be an indulgent, tender-hearted Mother; there muſt

be a Journey by Water, once a Week at least, to *Brainford* or *Twitnam*; or else i' the Stage-Coach to *Barnet* or *Croyden*: Well, and how does this affect Matrimony?——Children, when they are born, must be Nursed——And let me tell ye, a Waterman's Wife, well dress'd, may be a good Dish for Variety——Here's Opportunity enough; an Assignation at Nurse's can never be suspected; and when the Pretence is so just, how can the Fact be unlawful? Husband, (cries the Wife,) how serves the Tyde to morrow? for I intend to go and see how the Child does. Thus is she sure for so many hours, and he scouts another way.——At another time, Wife (quoth the Husband) I have little to do to morrow, I'll e'en take a walk and see how the Boy does: And then she lays hold of her Opportunity. And thus they both alternately participate of the Pleasures of the fresh Air, and a fresh Bit for their Cats; and all this, by reason the Child is put out to Nurse.

I have heard a Story of an Elder of his Congregation, one that had clamber'd to the top Pinacle of Parish Preferment, a Common-Council-man's Fellow; one that never Cheated, but in the Integrity of his heart; one with a Saint-like Look, Peek-Bearded, Sattin-cap'd, Diminutive-banded; and when he drove a Bargain; one that look'd up to Heaven, with his hands upon his breast, in such a manner, that you might have seen his very Conscience in his Eyes: yet this good, pious, grave Citizen, upon an accidental step of his Wife into the Country, to see her young Bantling

at Nurse, suffered his Maid to steal into his Wife's Place, and by a surprize of the Devil, got her with Child. 'Tis true, the good man (for generally such Saints as these have Luck) had an Ingenious and Dutiful Slip-string to his 'Prentice, that help'd him out at a dead List; or else who knows what a Family havock it might have produced. I leave you to Judge the Afflictions, Terrours and Agonies that tormented the Senior of the Vestry, when he found the State of his Condition; in the midst of which, he had no Friend to trust to, but his Honest, Vertuous young 'Prentice, but t'other day a scaperlowring Hedgebird, that [illegible] Business, but now so reformed of a sudden, that it seem'd to be a Miracle. To him therefore he unfolds his misery, because he knew the young man made no great Profession of Godliness, as being one that used to lye out of his house a nights, and plaid many other Pranks with which Satan inspires Youth; who readily, like an arch Crack-rope as he was, apprehends his Master's meaning, and most dutifully promises to Father the Child, provide a Nurse, and hide it up in the Countrey. And now the *Curmudgeon* his Master's Stable and Horses are at his Command. On the other side, the young man, without the constraint of an Indenture, provides for the Lying-in, appears at the Christ'ning, Junkets his Comrades, and brings in his Bills, which are not to be questioned. Now he might go out, lye out, ramble where he pleas'd; for he's still looking after the Child in the Country; for the Nurse is order'd

to ply him with Notes of what the Child lacks; which he still shewed his Master in private, to put him in mind of his Mortality. And thus for two years together, that the Child liv'd and another year after 'twas dead, did Father *Junior* live a most pleasant Life by his good management, to the great content and solace of his Master, to observe the Discretion and Fidelity of his young 'Prentice, who by this means had his Master at his beck, and a Nurse in the Country at his Command.

Thus you see it demonstrated, that a Nurse in the Country may prove a great Refreshment to the Husband, and as great a Convenience to the Wife.

VVell, but at length the Child comes home again, for the Child is not to suck always, and then there must be a dry Nurse found out; for the Child must be carried abroad, the Child must be shown: The Mother goes first, and the Child follows after, and so they walk their Rounds, till all their Acquaintance have had a sight of the Child. But these are but idle Exceptions against Matrimony——Every Woman thinks her own Off-spring the fairest; and all People, especially the Female Sex love to have their Children Buss'd and Dandl'd by Strangers. Who d'ye think was here to day? cries one Woman to her Husband—— I don't know, cries the Man——Why, Mistress *Such-a-one*, and she brought her Child along with her, a lovely sweet Babe indeed——and as fine as any Lord's Child——Other Men are kind to their VVives, and let them have what they will for their Children——Ours go like

Chimney-Sweepers Brats —— But I'll turn over a new leaf, I' faith —— I'll have our Children go as other Folks Children do, and not like the scum of the Parish ——— Here's a great Pleasure of Matrimony, for a Man to see his Wife lay hold of a good Example: Some Women will never learn, they are either sottish or so niggardly: Nay, there are some Women of that temper, that they care not what becomes of their Children; let them go naked if they will, for them, so they can get Money enough from their Husbands to trim and trick up themselves to spend in Coach-hire, Plays, and Junketting abroad, but take no more notice of their Children, than Cats of their Kittens, after they have weaned them: Hang such Wives, or send 'em to *Pensilvania*; a Score of them are not worth a Brass Shilling. But she that loves to see her Children as fine as her self, there is your Woman that stands upon her Reputation; there's your true loving Mother: 'Tis a sign she loves to 'Get Children: And what greater happiness to a married Man, than to have such a Bed-fellow. Let the Man but find gay Cloaths, and she'll find Children, I warrant yee. What does it signifie, for a Man to have delicate red Cheek'd Pippins, and no body come to commend 'em? That Woman is worth Gold, that loves to see her Children go fine; for then she'll be sure to see 'em kept sweet and clean, for fear of staining their gaudy Habiliments. All other Creatures come into the World with their Cloaths upon their Backs; only Man is born naked, because so many Creatures are created to cloath

him. And if Women and Children should not go fine, I wonder who should; for they are the chiefly beloved Objects of Man's Eye; and therefore the more Glorious, the more attractive. As it is in Gardens, where the Embroidery of various Colours charms the sight; so it is no less a Pleasure within doors, without doors, every where, to see Women and Children in their Flower'd Sattins and Silks of sundry hues. They are the Lillies and Roses of the World, when they are fine and gay; but the Weeds and Rubbish of Society, when Ragged and Sluttish. What a fine sight my Lord Mayor's Show would be, to see a company of nasty tatter'd Dunghil-Rakers sitting in the Pageants; but the sight of a Company of Children spruc'd up and glittering in their Colours and gaudy Tinsels; see how it fills all the Windows in the Streets, and Beholders Croud far and near to gratifie their Eyes with the sight of those finify'd Apparitions. Batchelors are the greatest Slovens in the World; their Chambers lye like Hogsties, their Kitchens like Desarts, their Diet nothing but Cooks Meat, and a greasie Napkin to eat upon, in a Room that stinks of Grease and Tobacco, and a nasty whore to attend him. But happy is the Man that has Marry'd a Woman that loves to see her Children go neat and trickse; she'll be sure to see her House kept clean, to have her Meat well dress'd, and her Bed smell of Rose-Cakes and Lavender, and then a Man lives like a Lord.

As

As for Sickneſs, and Meaſles, and Small-Pox, we have nothing to ſay to that; they are Accidents not to be avoided: though give me leave to tell ye, there is nothing more generally preſerves Children from thoſe Diſtempers than their going fine, and being kept ſweet and clean from ſtench and naſtineſs. And ſo much for this Point.

XII. *The Daughters grow up, and want Portions and what follows thereupon.*

BUT now we are down in the Mouth again: here are Children, I mean the worſt of Children, Daughters that live and grow up, and expect Portions; and Portions muſt be had, or elſe you may keep your Daughters to your ſelf. However, the leaſt thing a Man can do, there muſt be Education, which goes a great way ſometimes; and then, beſides the Charge of the Boarding-School, there muſt be fine Cloaths to quicken the Market, if nothing elſe. Fine Cloaths, an exquiſite Voice, and a ſwimming Carriage in Dancing, have many times bewitch'd many a young Gentleman——and many times a Man had better give a Thouſand Pounds for a well educated, good condition'd young Gentlewoman, than take a Wife with double the Portion——What ſays the young Man in *Terrence*? *Well, I have receiv'd my Portion; but alas! I have ſold my Superiority of an Husband for Money.* Is it not therefore better for a Man to Marry a handſome Girl, and a good Houſe-

Wife, for little or nothing, than to squander and forfeit the Birth-right of his Creation for a Thousand Pounds? Besides, there are some Men will *say* more in a Week, than they will *do* in a Year: They will promise Mountains, and give Mole-hills. How if a Father can so order his Business, as to put off his Daughters for little or nothing; that is to say, if a Man can put off his Piss-Kitchins with fair VVords and Promises, I think that Man has all the Pleasures of Matrimony in a Hop-sack. He has had the Pleasure of 'Getting his Daughters, the Pleasure of Gossips Feasts and Christnings, the Pleasure of their Obedience and Attendance, the Pleasure of seeing 'em grow up in Grace, Vertue and Modesty; and lastly, the Pleasure of Bestowing them to his mind, and Cheating a young Gentleman, at the easie rate of fair VVords and large Promises, tickling him up with the Name of a Son, and *Sundays*-Dinners, and laughing at him in your Sleeve for the rest.

I knew an old *Hunks* that was one of the Masters of his Parish, and had been one of his Company too; one that had got an Estate, as Tradesmen usually do, by downright Cheating: This Man had a Daughter that was indifferent Snout-fair, and it was not for him that had been an Industrious Man all his Life long, to keep an Idle Baggage in his House after sixteen. Now what does he do? He has her finely prank'd up, sends her to the Dancing-School, and pins a Report of no less than a thousand Pounds at her Back, where-ever she went. The Snare thus laid, the Birds come pecking

about the Pit-fall, but some were wiser than some, till at length a smitten Youngster comes to the point——your price Sir, (quo he) to the Father——Why Sir, (quo the Father) you and I shall not fall out——I'll assure ye, Sir, I have given her as good Breeding as most Men of my condition. But because there is something more required in this Age, than Breeding, look ye, Sir, I have two Daughters, and I intend to give 'em both alike——I have but one Son, and I shall leave him sufficient besides——But first, Sir, pray come and see my Daughter——for I won't dispose of her against her own consent——'Tis not a Portion that I stick upon, but a good Husband, and such a one I know she deserves. *Away* goes the young Gentleman, and sees a young Girl, fine Cloaths, a fine Face, and fine Alamode Curchees——and thus the unwary young Gull is drill'd on, and got into the Noose, before he knows where he is.——Well, at length the Business is concluded, with a promise of a Thousand Pound, and so away they go to Church. But in what a sad condition is the young Man, when the Father in Law comes with his Abatements——Either his Scrivener is broke and run away with his Mony into the *Fleet*——or else it lies in a Parliament Man's Hands, and he knows not how to sue him; [illegible] in kindness to his Daughter he'll strai[illegible] three hundred Pounds, and so th[illegible] to take home his bad [illegible] good hap to have [illegible] good Acquaintan[illegible]

to the worst, he'll procure him a Factor's Place in the *East-Indies*; in consideration of which he causes him to settle what he has upon his Wife, and so sends him packing. Let him dye there if he pleases, his Daughter is ready for another with advantage, and now let her shift for her self——Now where's the Inconvenience of Matrimony, for a Man to be rid of his Trouble-Houses, at the Expence of a few fine Cloaths, and a slight Boarding-School Breeding? And indeed, if you consider the Conveniences of good Education, there is nothing more to be valued than that; let her be foul or fair, if she be well Educated, that's enough. A thousand Pound? What's a thousand Pound? 'Tis spent in a Breakfast, or gam'd away in one Night; but no Man can game away his Wife's Education. Her skill in seasoning a Venison Pasty, is really to be valu'd at Two hundred pound at least; her Art in raising a Turkey or a Goose-Pye, is clearly to be reckon'd at the rate of Three hundred pound; her knowledge in Marketting, is worth two hundred pound more, and her skill in preserving and making Plumb-Cakes, and Dr. *Stevens*'s Water, is worth at least five hundred pounds more. And there's as good as twelve hundred pounds of the King's best Coin in *England*. Portions make Men bad Husbands, and Women proud Wives, and ruin more than they raise. He that chooses for the Portions sake, buys a Concubine, does not marry a Wife. If it be a Grievance of Matrimony, that a Man is not able to bestow a Portion upon his Daughter, 'tis a greater

Discomfort to him, to see his Daughter returned upon his Hands like a *Bromingham*-Groat, after the Consumption of his utmost Exhibition; which if he had never had to part withal, he had never been liable to that Discomfort. Neither is it safe always to divulge what a Man intends to give with his Daughter; for if that be once spread abroad, 'tis ten thousand Pounds to a Nut-shell, but there comes one smooth Chinn'd *Slip string* or other, and makes a *Pye-Corner* Ensurance of his Affection upon her Belly. She is betray'd by this Midwife, and t'other Nurse, or another old Beldam Conveyor of *Billet deux's*, and all her Father's carping and caring, squandered away upon a Scape-Goat of an Attorney's Clerk; or Coached away in a Moon-shiny Night, from a Boarding-school, by a young 'Squire of seven hundred a Year in *No-Land*. We have heard of some too, that have been courted upon the Report of being Heiresses, to that Condescention, as to suffer themselves to be let down from their Guardian's Garret-Window in a Dust-Basket, as if they were making their Escapes for Felony; then away to a Bed and a clean pair of Sheets, and so home again by Five a clock in the morning, before any body is up, but the dear Conspiratress that sits up to let her in.

But if a man have but hopeful Children, there is no fear of these miscarriages. There are a sort of hopeful Children, as they call them: such as they who have them, enjoy the greatest Blessing of Matrimony imaginable; for many times they can shift for them-

selves without Portions. Such as can swim in the World without the Bladders of Dowries and Annuities. These are Sons and Daughters, that being sensible of the Inability of their Parents, can find a way to the Wood of themselves. I have heard of a Gentleman in the Countrey, that had no less than eight hopeful Daughters in a cluster; and what did he do with 'em? VVhy, finding 'em all to be hopefull, he sent 'em all to *London*, and there was not one but shifted for her self. Now, what was this Gentleman the worse for his Eight Daughters, or Matrimony that produc'd 'em Don't you know there is an Office of Intelligence in the Town? Certainly this Office was devised by such as had no Portions to give with their Daughters: For Ladies must have VVaiting-Women, and those VVaiting-women will have the Chaplains in spite of their Teeth: And therefore do but Set up your Daughter with a good Suit of Cloaths at first, and if she be but hopeful, I'll warrant yee you hear no more of her; which must of necessity be a great comfort to their Parents. For the Recreation and Pleasure, for a Man to see the Ingenuity of his hopefull Children, in shifting for themselves, is assuredly as great, as to stand upon the Foyle, and see a Hare dance and double before the Hounds.

Such hopeful Daughters as these we speak of, were the *Cyprian* Virgins of old, that waited at the Sea-side for Strangers, and permitted them the Use of their Bodies, till they had got Money enough to marry 'em honestly. For

if Daughters will have Portions where they cannot be had, they must fetch 'em out of the Fire. An old Fox thinks he has given his young Cubs Portion enough, when he has taught them to shift in the World: At first he provides Lambs and Chickens for them; but when once they come to be at Age of Discretion, he thinks it enough that he has begot 'em Wit and Parts, and leaves 'em to prog for themselves. How many wealthy Citizens have we had, that came to Town without Portions, in their Blue-Breeches and Leather-Doublets, arrived at great Estates, and then hang up their Leather-Doublets and Blue-Breeches, as Trophies of their Industry? Portions are the Bane of Children; they make the young Men lazy, the young Women haughty, and both improvident; so that when they come to have a deep Bag, that was none of their own getting, Heaven knows, they think it has no bottom; and what becomes of 'em then? Why, the Women turn up an Ace Trump, and so play out their Game; and the Men provide themselves of Stone-Doublets, that last as long as they live. 'Tis want of Portions, that advances Ingenuity, teaches Parrots to speak, and Spaniels to set Partridges. A Mark a Year, well employ'd, is enough for a Woman; and for the Men, the World is wide enough.

XIII. *The Woman Cuckolds her Husband.*

THat is many an honest Man's Fortune; and what befalls honest Men, ought ne'er to be a Discomfort to any Body. Is there any way to prevent it? Call *Oliver*'s Act to your Assistance; if the woman's Friend do but hang his Hat upon the Key-hole, he's as safe as a Thief in a Mill. Give me leave to tell ye, a woman that never lay with a Man but her own Husband, might set up for one of the most wealthy Empresses in the world. Thus we read in a Story of a certain King of *Egypt*, whose Name was *Phero*, who was stricken blind, and so continued for several years: At length he sent to consult the Oracle of some Heathen Deity or other, what he should do in the miserable Condition he was in: By which he was answer'd, That if he wash'd his Eyes with a woman's water, that never had known any Man but her own Husband, he should recover his Sight. You may be sure, such a Prince as he, would spare for no Cost, nor to make any Search that might tend to his relief. However, it was but reason, he try'd his own wife first: But alas! her water would do no feats. How many several Varieties of waters he afterwards try'd, the Lord of *Oxford* knows; but certain it is, the Number was infinite. At length, when he was almost in Despair, he met with one woman's water that did his Job. So soon as he

Was

was recovered and well, he caused all the Women whose water he had experimented in vain, to be herded together, and enclosed in one great City (by which you may guess there were a swinging cluster of 'em) and there caused 'em to be burnt all together, City and all; and then took the Woman that had cured him, as a Jewel only fit for a Prince, to his own Bed.

What then is universal can never be a sure cause of discontent, since 'tis one Man's Fortune as well as another. Besides, if the Natural Philosophers speak true, and they should understand the secrets of Nature, Women are much more prone to Amorous desires than Men. Nature it self has so ordered it. How then can we think weak Women should be able to resist the violences and impulses of Nature: Love will enter Nunneries, much more the Habitations of those Women that have tasted the Sweets of amorous Delights: Had she been chaste, *Lucretia* had never stabb'd her self; 'twas a sign she had committed the Act, though afterwards she took a pet at her self for having done it; for to talk of Ravishing is a folly. On the other side let Women be never so Chaste, Men will be shewing bad Examples; they will be bussing their Chamber-maids, they will be debauching their Neighbours She-bed-fellows, and what better Presidents can VVomen follow than those of Husbands: Nay, some Men are so simple to let other Men lie with their own VVives, and yet their own VVives shall know nothing of the matter.

There

There was a certain Gentleman, who had been for some years Marry'd to a very Vertuous Wife; but notwithstanding all her Vertue, he had more mind to his Maid; and to that purpose he resolved to make his Addresses to her. Now this Gentleman had a Friend in the same Parish, one of his own Complexion, but younger, between whom there was such an extraordinary Intimacy, that they shared in all things equally, but their Wives: To him therefore the Gentleman declares the Design he had upon his Maid; who not only encouraged him, but promised him the utmost of his assistance, in hopes to have a share of the Booty. However the Maid was so coy, that being pressed with her Masters Importunities, she went and told her Mistress the Wife glad of the opportunity, bid the Maid be patient a little longer, ordered her to comply with her Master by degrees, and at length to appoint him her Bed-Chamber such a Night. This the Chamber-maid did, at which her Master was so over-joy'd, that he ran to tell his Friend, what a Feast he was to have such a Night, who only desired him that he might have his Leavings. The hour being come, the Master fail'd not to be with his Maid, as he thought, but his Wife had supply'd her Room, and received him not as a Marry'd Woman, but with the strivings and strugglings of an ignorant Virgin, and so carry'd her self, that her Husband never perceiv'd her. At length having done as much as he could, gets up and hasts to his Companion to tell him how valiantly he

had behav'd himself. Upon which his Friend minded him of his promise: Go then quickly, cry'd the Master, for fear she rise of her self, or my Wife call her. Away runs the Friend a Gallop, and into Bed he flings himself and to work goes he with his Friends wife, who thinking her husband had been return'd with a new Supply, suffer'd the Friend to do what he pleas'd; however she wonder'd at her Husband's Vigour, not having been accustomed to such Night-work. At length after the Friend had stay'd as long as he durst, the Friend slips off the VVomans Thumb Ring in a Frollick; which she was more willing to let go, believing it would rise up in Judgment against her Husband. Soon after, the two Intimado's met again to make Repetition of their past Joys; but then it was that the Maids Master discovering his VVives Ring upon his Friend's Finger, cry'd out like a Man distracted, in the Name of all the Devils in Hell, VVhat have I done! I have e'en made a Cuckold of my self; however, 'twas my Friend (quoth he) and there's a Proverb or two, to help me out at a dead lift, *Harm watch, harm catch.*

Thus the VVoman was acquitted as Innocent, but the Husband was pointed at for a Cuckold to his dying day. Here's a Woman made her husband a Cuckold, yet no man could say black was her Eye. So that 'tis not a woman's making her husband a Cuckold, is the Matter so much, but the letting it take Air when 'tis done; had Friend then meddled only with the Ring which the husband lent

him, and never taken the Ring of Gold, the Cuckolding had past without Discovery, and there had been no harm done.

'Tis the pointing, prating World, that makes the Cuckold; the Woman does but lie with another Man. A Son complained to his Father-in-Law, of a Discovery he made of his Wife: VVell —— and what could the Father say? Why, he desired the Mother to take her Daughter to task in private, and give her a Juniper-Lecture: She does so, and the Father and Son stood behind the Hangings, and heard all. —— —— Fie, Daughter, quoth the Mother, I thought you had more Discretion at these years —— do such a thing, and be discover'd? Fie upon't —— —— where was your VVit! where were your Brains? I have been married to your Father this thirty years and upwards, and have had many a private Friend in a Corner, and yet your Father can't say black's my Eye. Thus you see, 'twas not the Woman's making her Husband a Cuckold, but her being discovered, that had like to have spoiled all.

I do not read of any Reason this Woman had to make her Husband a Cuckold, but only she had it by Inheritance. But as for the greatest part of Women, there is not one of a thousand that will not give a Reason for making their Husbands Cuckolds.

Sometimes they will alledge the Jealousie and Suspicion of their Husbands: for nothing exasperates a Woman more than Distrust; as if she had not Discretion enough to govern her self, without setting Guards and Spies, and

Gover-

glad of the Opportunity, readily supply'd his place. When this came to her Husband's Ear, he would fain have been Friends with her; but then she disdain'd him, as much as he had had scorn'd her before. No, quo' she, *Quit for Quo*, is the Law of the *Medes* and *Persians*. You your self have been the Author of your own and my misfortune; you your self have given the Example; an Example that hath far out-gone me in this, that what you have done, has been ungratefully acted both toward the King and my self, without either Honour or Conscience: Those Laws that throw so much Dishonour upon VVomen that live with other Men besides their Husbands, do not exempt those Husbands that live with other Mens VVives: and so saying, she flung away from him without vouchsafing to hear his Reply.

Can any Man deny but that this his Lady had both Reason and Justice on her side? And therefore if Men will sacrifice themselves to Cuckoldship, who can help it? For VVomen are sooner overcome by Anger and Revenge, than by Love and Courtship.

But there are another sort of women, as well piously as voluptuously given, that love to make their Husbands Cuckolds, on purpose that they may send 'em to Heaven. Now this is a charitable consideration surmounting all the rest; for they find their Husbands very wicked, Tavern-hunters, Gamesters; nay, and sometimes coming home by Cod-piece-weeping-cross, the Effects of Subburb-sinning. They use all means to reclaim 'em, give 'em all the good Exhortations imaginable——Fie, husband,

band this will never do—you impair your Estate, you weaken your body, but more than all this, what think you will become of your Soul?—But the poor women preach to deaf Images—there is no heed given to their word——and therefore, Compassionate wives as they are, they cornute the wicked husbands in this World, to make 'em happy in the other. Tho' to say truth, this may be rather said to be gratitude than charity in the women to send their husbands to Heaven by *Cornutement*, considering how kind the men are, in deflowering Virgins, to prevent their leading Apes in Hell. But let it be Charity, or Gratitude, or what it will, the pretence can never be bad that sends men to Heaven. And therefore this was the Reason, that the Country-man coming home and finding the Curate of the Parish a Bed with his Wife, never said a word either to the one or the other; for thought he, a Curate's Cuckold can never want Absolution of his Sins.

Sometimes it happens that the man provokes his Friend to make him a Cuckold, whether he will or no: As it fell out between two Friends that had made a perpetual vow of Friendship, one with another: One of these Friends chances to marry a handsome Wife, and had he not been a Jealous Cuckow-brains, he and his Wife and his Friend might have liv'd happily, for ought I know, till Death. But such was his misfortune, that in a short time after he was Wedlock'd, he grew into a violent mistrust of his Friend. Of which his Friend being informed by the Lady, Companion of mine (said he)

to

to the Husband, I hear you entertain fears and jealousie of my Familiarity with your wife; Certainly you have but an ill Opinion of my Friendship, to think that I would dissolve that Unity, which has so long continued between us, for the love of a woman; not he by his Soul, he never had any such Thought; and therefore they were wicked Lyars that told him so. His Friend was satisfied for that time; but not long after he heard the same Nightingale sing him the same Note, which put him into such a Fury, that after he had reproach'd his Friend for his breach of that vow'd Friendship that was between 'em, he left his house indeed, but never left laying close Siege to his wife, till he had cornuted his Companion according to his desert.

By this, Men may learn to grow wary how they unjustly suspect their wives; for there cannot be a greater displeasure to a man or woman, than to be suspected without a Cause; and therefore if a man will be cornuted, let him be cornuted. Questionless such men have read the Fables of the Gods, and finding that *Jupiter* wore Horns, when he courted *Europa*, and that *Pan* wore Horns, when he courted the Nymph *Syrinx*, believe it no disgrace to wear Horns, and then there's no harm done, nor can Matrimony undergo any Scandal thereby.

But then again, suppose it be the Fashion; There's no man cares to be out of the Fashion: And therefore he has no reason to be discontented at it. If it be the Fashion to wear Horns, why should they not be worn as well as Hats? Why should a man grieve and

torment his mind for being in the Faſhion? Rather let him conſider that it has been a Cuſtom and a Law ſo made by Preſcription, of near Four thouſand years, and comfort himſelf that he has the ſame Law, the ſame Cuſtom, and the ſame Reaſon which the women have.

XIV. *The Wife falls Sick.*

WEll, and what then, is ſhe like to die? No, no, Heaven knows there's no ſuch good News at hand; 'tis a lingring Diſeaſe has ſeiz'd her, that is like to coſt him in Doctors and 'Pothecaries more than her Neck's worth. Why look ye now! what ſad Creatures theſe men are? their wives no ſooner fall ill, but they forget their Matrimonial Contract, which is to keep the woman as well in Sickneſs as in Health. But what ſhall the man do? in the mean time he wants a bedfellow——he's Marry'd, and the comfort of Wedlock is no longer fit for ſervice. What greater comfort can a man have; is not his wife laid up ſafe? and is not the Maid at Liberty, and Luſty? Do not her Neighbours come to viſit her? Sure they are not all ſo unmerciful as to deny a poor man, upon ſuch an Emergent neceſſity as this. Neighbours d'ye call 'em! alas a day, they are all a company of tattling Huſwifes; they all take pity of a woman, none of the man. They only come to find fault and carry Tales about the

Parish. Fie——— Neighbour, cries one, in what a condition do you lie? I would scorn to let my Dog lie as you do: What Attendance you have! ———Is this your Nurse? ——— Alas, poor Creature, you should have a knowing, able Nurse, that understands the Doctor's Directions; one that knows what belongs to a VVoman under your Circumstances; one that is able to turn you in your Bed; for you are not able to help your self in this condition——— This VVoman will be cast away, cries another, merely for want of looking after. VVhat d'yee eat? what d'yee drink, Neighbour? cries another——— Fie, fie,—— I would not give my Cat such VVatergruel as this——— you should have Restorative things made yee, to comfort your Spirits--- Presently in comes another——— How is't, Neighbour? I saw your Husband going into the *Globe*-Tavern, as I came along ——— there was three or four of his Pot-Companions with him —— I warrant yee, they are going to taste your Funeral Wine —— one would think he had enough to do at home, now his poor Wife lies sick———— Then the Children are pity'd—— Alas, poor Children! they'll want a good Mother, cries one.———Ay, that they will, I'm sure, cries another,——— she has been an indulgent, careful Mother, all the Parish knows——— but they'll find an Alteration, the next that comes———— we shall see some fine taudery flipperse Minx or other, within a quarter of a year, that will turn these poor Children all out of doors——— but perhaps the next may pay him in his own

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Coin for his ill usage of this. By and by in comes the Doctor with the Master of the house at his heels. Doctor, crys one, what d'ye think of my Neighbour, will she 'scape it, or no? Doctor, quo' she, may not my Neighbour drink a Pint of Mull'd-Sack now and then? I knew an Acquaintance of mine, that was cur'd of a Timpany with drinking Mull'd-Sack; it warms the Bowels, and sends out the cold, watty Humour. To all which the Doctor says not a Word, but having scribl'd a Quarter of a Sheet of Paper, Here (quo' he) let her take this *Bolus* about eight a Clock at Night, and half an hour after, four Spoonfuls of this Cordial——I hope she may do well, for all this. And so having taken his Fee, away marches he: The Nurse is order'd to light the Doctor down Stairs, for fear of losing the Husband. But when they have the poor man alone, Heavens! How they teaze him! One finds fault with this, another with that; one finds fault with the Doctor, says he's a Mountebank, and tells how many she has known that have miscarry'd under his hand ——— Another cries, he must have Doctor *Such-a-one*; another, Doctor *Such a one*, if he tender his Wife's Life. And thus the Man's hair'd and worry'd by a Company of Quistrils, when he does all that lies in his power: For he's neither Doctor nor Apothecary, nor Quack, nor Astrologer; nor if his Wife will eat green Quodlings, and Market Trash, and kill her self, how can he help it?

What does all this Twittle-Twattle signi-

sie to the disquiet of Matrimony; no Man marries Angels, or makes an Ensurance upon his Wife's Life? If she dies quickly, 'tis a Blessing; for then a Man has the wide World before him again, and Wooes a second time with Experience. If she lie long in a languishing Condition, 'tis no more than what is incident to frail Mortality; and as it may be rationally expected, must not be counted a Grievance when it comes. And for the Cost of Doctors and Apothecaries, believe me, 'tis not a Farthing matter whether he be at that Expence, or no: For what do all their Slipslops avail? The best way is, to let Nature work; she's the best Physician; she's best able to encounter the Disease; for she knows where it lies, which is more than all the Physicians in the City do, otherwise than by Guess: Nay, 'tis so far from shewing a Man's self ill-natur'd to his Wife, to have a Crowd of *Recipe* Merchants about her, that if he were to Kill his Wife for a Wager, there's no better way for him, than to hire a Regiment of Drugsters to kill her with *Bolus*'s.

But you'll say, she only counterfeits Sickness, and feigns Distempers, a purpose to be coax'd and humour'd: And then there must be a Nurse, and a Fire in her Chamber all Day and all Night; there must be Gelly-Broths and costly Candles: If she want a Partridge or a Plover, a Woodcock or a Quail, or any such kind of Toy, she must have it, and the Nurse must go halves; besides what she pilfers in Sugar and Plumbs; and all this empties the poor Man's Pocket.

Why

Why, look you now, 'tis an even Wager; that this is some clutch fisted Pinch-penny or other, whom the woman has no other way to chuse but this, when she has a mind to refresh her self with some Delicacies more than ordinary. And then 'tis no more than he deserves; for she that has a generous Husband that loves to see a well spread Table, never need to be put to these petty shifts. 'Tis a sign she's honest; and believe me, that's a great Pleasure of Matrimony; for had she a mind to take up a Stone with her Ear, she might have enough of those Dainties at the Tavern, every day, without asking her Husband, or putting her self to the trouble of mocking Mortality.

'Tis sometimes a piece of Pomp, for a woman to mure her self up in her Chamber, and pretend to take Physick, and have her Men-Midwife's about her, to talk smutty for an hour or two. Sometimes there may be a Design in it, and the Husband sees the Gentleman she shuts her self up for, go up in the shape of a Doctor: but if he ask what his Wife ails, he shall never know her Distemper, unless he can find it out by Necromancy. For upon such occasions as these, women have the same Liberty as Politicians, to counterfeit Diseases, when they find it necessary: And to eat strong Meats, as Beef and Mutton, when they say they are sick, would spoil the Plot: No, Partridge and young Chicken are more suitable. I think it ought to be a great Pleasure to a Man, that can content his wife at so cheap a rate.

rate. But where's the Mony all this while? Mony? Why, there are a thousands Shifts and Tricks to get Mony; and he's a pitiful Brainless Fellow, that has not two or three of those Thousands. I knew a Man that was a necessary Implement to some Persons that liv'd by their Wits; these People drank at the Tavern, kept their Consultations at the Tavern, and went out and came in again, two or three times in a day. What does the Captain do, but every new Reckoning, he goes to the Bar, scores up a Quart of Wine, and sends it away with a new Roll to his Wife. Some Men would never have thought of this way, or perhaps, never have had the Confidence to have done it. But this shews us there are ways i'the VVorld, if Men will but set their Wits at work.

To conclude, Sickness brings a Woman sometimes to Confession; nay, to such a Confession, as brings the Husband, both Joy, Consolation and Pleasure, all at a time. For there was an Indulgent Husband, and questionless, he was not the only Husband, in the World that ever had the same good Fortune befell him; for what has once been done, may have been done before, and may be done again. I say there was a certain Indulgent Husband, who had a Wife, who partly by the Vales which her Husband allowed her out of his Trade; partly by the good Management of her Market Expences, and other private Savings, had muster'd together the laudable Summ of Three Hundred Pound, which she

secur'd

secur'd against a Rainy Day, where she resolv'd her Husband should never have the fingering of it. The Husband did not wave his Affection because his Wife was sick; but carried her to *Epsom*, and did all he could to recover her: But still for a time she grew worse and worse, and thought she should dye. Now whether it was that her Husband's Kindness won her Heart, or whether it were any Needle of Death that prick'd her Conscience, we will not determine; but so it was, that in the Agony of one of her *Memento Mori*'s she call'd her Husband, and told him that she had something lay heavy upon her Conscience: No wonder, marry, for Three Hundred Pound in Silver, is no such easie Burthen for a sick and weak Conscience, tho' it had been the Conscience of a Wine-Porter in her Condition. She told her Husband, I say, that she had a mind to lie quiet in her Grave, and not to be forc'd to walk after she was dead, as she had heard many had been constrain'd to jaunt it from one World to another i' their Winding sheets, to discover hidden-Treasure; and therefore, she resolv'd to prevent that Inconvenience. With that she made him privy to the Concealment of no less than Three Hundred Pound, which had he dy'd before her, she intended to have made use of her self; but since Heaven had otherwise dispos'd of her, she desir'd him to make good use of it, only to spare her a small Monument out of it, which as it would continue her Memory, would be an Ornament also to the Church

The

The Husband was not a little overjoy'd at these blessed Tydings; away he goes, find out the Nest, and with the same eagerness as a Vulture stoops to his Prey, laid violent Hands upon the Money, returning a thousand Thanks to his Wife's Sickness, that had nipp'd out of her Conscience so rich a Discovery. Had this Woman dy'd at that time, she might have gone to Heaven as light as a Feather; but she recovered, and let her take care her worldly Wisdom do not hang a Clog at her heels the next time. However the Husband had the Pleasure of handling the Money, and he cry'd, *Well fare a sick Wife.* And I dare be bold to say, had other Men the same good Fortune, they would never complain of sick Wives; if they do, may their VVives die Rich, and haunt 'em when they are dead.

XV. *The Man falls sick and dies: Upon which, the Woman sets up for a Widow, pricking out her self to the best advantage, to get her another Husband.*

BUT now the Tyde is turn'd; the Man lies sick a Bed, and the VVife is up, and lusty. Now the Question is, whether a Man at such a time as this, would rather chuse to have a Loving, Compassionate, Honing, Bemoaning VVife; or, a Careless, Negligent, Hoity toity. There is much to be said in this case; tho' if *Tully* were alive agen, to write another,

that an Old Man could be any Pleasure to a Woman. All Men condemn Hypocrisie in one another: And why should it not be blam'd in Women as well? You read how the *Ephesian Matron* wept, and whin'd, and pin'd, and fasted and mourn'd over her dead Husband; and yet after all, she lent his Body to the Soldier that had solac'd her in the height of her Sorrows, to hang up in the Room of an Executed Offender, to save her new Paramour from being nail'd up in his place. Was not this a curs'd Hypocrite of a Woman, d'ye think? Had she not better have wash'd away Grief from her Heart, and concluded her Lamentations, with a few Tears dropt over a Bowl of Punch? Your Hypocrite Wife seems a Woman Loving, Dutiful, Indulgent, always lamenting her Husband's Departure, always wringing her Hands, Grieving, Sighing, Weeping, Blubbering, Sobbing, and Crying out, What shall poor I do? What shall these poor Orphans do, if God take thee away, my only Joy, their only Comfort and Support in this Life? And then they all fall a howling, tho' there be a Baker's Dozen of 'em, like so many young Puppies that cry out of doors in a Frosty Night.

These Fondnesses strike so piercingly to his Heart that the Gout and Stone are but the Stings of a Flea to the Agonies of his Mind, to think he must leave such a dear Wife. These are but the Lullabies of *Satan*, that rock him asleep in the Cradle of Affliction, into a carelessness of his future Being, and cause such a

dissipation of his Heavenly Thoughts, that the poor besotted Sinner pours down all the Caudles, and Amber-Grease Posset that his kind VVife can bring him; swallows whole Ounces at a time of Syrup of Marsh-Mallows, and Oil of Sweet Almonds to prolong his Aches and his Misery. Dispatches away his Billets to Church for the Prayers of the Congregation——sends for the Parson of the Parish to read him the Story of *Hezekiah*; sends for the Doctor, and with a faint Voice, cries to him, *Is there no Cure?* have all the Drugs and Herbs lost their Vertue?

Then the Wife taking her Cue; For Heaven sake Doctor (quoth she) do what lies in your Power ——— my self and these poor Orphans shall be bound to pray for you as long as we live——— Never had Woman a more kind and tender Husband——— Never had Children a more careful and indulgent Father, I'm sure—— Then 'tis the Man's turn——— Ay——Wife indeed thou hast been always to me a dear and loving Wife——and my Children, I bless God for't, have been always dutiful and obedient Children, and I would fain live a little longer, methinks, to see 'em grow up, and well dispos'd of in the World, if the *Lord* saw it fit. And thus these Dialogues of Lamentation, do so mollifie the sick Man's Heart, that Death at length, surprizes him altogether unrepentant.

The other's a Woman that never comes near him, never takes any care of him; but cries among her Gossips, would the old Rogue's

Heart were cold, I'd quickly have another ——This Woman is a Woman of the old World——she speaks as she thinks——If Plain-Dealing be a Jewel, you may be sure she is one. She never comes at him; and why is that? because she would give him all the Opportunity she can to employ his Thoughts in Heavenly and seasonable Meditations. She knows that Misery and Sickness many times carry a Man to Heaven, when Health and Prosperity makes him neglect the care of his Soul's Health. But she will neither come at him her self, nor let any Body else. She does wisely, let him lie there and groan by himself——Pain brings him to Meditation, and Meditation prepares him to make his peace with Heaven. 'Tis the Fashion of the World, when Men are departing this Life, to leave them to themselves. How many People had *William* the Conquerour with him when he lay speechless? How many had the Emperor *Charles* the V. when he lay dying? And indeed is it not better for a Man to dye quietly, taking Time and solitary Leisure, than to be pester'd with continual Visits; and to have his Family *Howling* over the gaping Bellows of his Life, distracting him with their Yellowing and Howling, when he is going to sleep.

Let all the Women in the World say what they please, there's none of them shall perswade any Man of Reason, that it can be a Pleasure to any Woman to lie by a Man that will never let her rest, for coughing, spitting, spewing, groaning, grunting, and withal

withal perfuming her Nostrils with the poysonous steams of a Charnel-House breath.

Most genteelly therefore did the Gentlewoman do, who when she saw her Husband lay a dying, beyond all recovery of *Drops* and Spirits of *Bezoar*, and that the Doctors had given him over, and that as the old Nurses phrase it, he began to change, taking a Glass of Wine off the Side board; *Here, Sweet Heart*, (quo' she) *here's to ye, I wish ye a good Passage*. Certainly it shewed this Gentlewoman had no Malice in her Heart, when she desired to part so fairly.

And who knows what Reason the *Badger's* Wife might have for what she did, who when her Husband was dead, sent for the Sexton, and ask'd him how deep he usually digg'd his Graves? So deep, (reply'd the Sexton) then (quo she) make my Husband's Grave so many Foot deeper; and then shewing him an hugeous Timber-Logg that she had in the house; be sure (quo she) you lay this Timber-Logg upon his Coffin, and ramm in the Earth as hard as you can after it. Perhaps, when he was alive, he was wont to rise the wrong way in his sleep, and his Wife was resolved to prevent his rising after he was dead. 'Tis an hundred pound to a Red Herring, if this were not the Reason, she had some other as good or better.

But when the Husband is dead, what then? Why then the Widow must be allowed to keep her Chamber, darken her Room, and keep out the very Sun, as having got an ill

Name of being a *Tell-Tale*; she must admit none but her most trusty Friends, who come to chear up her Heart with Sack and Sugar, and tickle her Fancy with Proposals of a new choice; but if any stranger come in, then she must sit with a compos'd Countenance, and as mute as if her husband had taken her Tongue along with him. Then she must put her self into decent Mourning, wear a Peak, vow and protest she'll never marry again, and then give out ——— give out? you'll say, what's that? so much in Jewels, so much in Plate, so much in ready Cash, and so much in good Debts ——— that's called *giving out*. If he be a Person of Quality, then the Body must lie in state, and four or five *Memphatards* or *Jack hold my staffs* must stand in their long Sable Cloaks to watch, lest the Devil fetch away poor *Mortuus est* before they can bury him. Then let there be a pompous Funeral with Scutcheons, and then she shall bear the Appellation of the RICH WIDOW.

These may be called the Pleasures of losing a Husband. And what then? VVhy by this Time the Remembrance of her first Husband begins to wear out of her Memory; and she begins to set up for *Widow Catchdolt*. And thus the Game begins. She takes fair Lodgings, and a cunning VVench to her Servant. The Mistress talks at the rate of a Thousand a year, the Maid at two Thousand. The Mistress shews her self every day at Morning Prayers: She pretends to fast that Day of the VVeek that her Husband dyed; that's to shew

her

her good Nature, and Respect to her deceased Husband. The Maid *Madams* her at every word; and in all her Discourse with the Servants of the house, talks of nothing but what great Matches her Mistress might have had, and what a good condition'd, saving, thrifty Woman she is——There is but one thing vexes her, that her Mistress sends her about to her Attornies and Sollicitors, upon so many Errands, that she has hardly time to mend her Stockings.

Now the noise of a Rich Widow flies about the Town, as swift as Fire-works upon a Rope; she is quickly smelt out by young Fops, old Usurers, middle ag'd Bankrupts; but she keeps them all at the Staves end. At length she culls out one fit for her purpose; and to him at first she shews some glimmerings of her Favour——, tells him she had never any thoughts of Marriage——for indeed, what should she that had enough to live on of her own, free and uncontroul'd, thrust her self again under the Yoak of Matrimony?——but he——seem'd to be a Person of so much worth, that she knew not what Time, and the Experience and Tryals of his Affection might produce. But the Gentleman is in haste, pushes on for consent, uses all his Rhetorick, tells her the very bottom of all his concerns——he! no not he, Heaven knows his Heart; he does not marry her for her Estate, but for the good opinion he has of her Vertue——had she ne'er a Farthing in the World, he would have her before all the Women in Nature. And now she has him in her Noose. In the mean

time the cunning Gypsie runs in Debt to the Mercer, the Linnen Draper, the Lace-woman, the Milliner, Taylor; taking her Rounds through all the Quarters of the City, till she has got Load enough upon her Back. At last having got her full Cargo, she begins to melt, and tells the young Fop that his credulity, his great Affection and extraordinary Character she has heard of him, has quite won her Heart. Away they go to the Church, and are married; and the next day after the Wedding, the poor Gentleman is arrested, Action upon Action, Writ upon Writ; some Debts he pays off, but finding 'em increase like *Hydra*'s Heads, he betakes himself into *Alsatia*, and so her Work's done; for she has got a Jointure, and that was what she aim'd at.

XVI. *A true and accurate Description of Poor and Comfortless Wedlock.*

HItherto we have been talking of those that had either plentifull, or moderate Fortunes to begin the World withal, and if any thing render'd their Marriage uncomfortable, it was their own Folly, or Prodigality. But what d'ye think of People that will be marrying, when they have hardly Money enough to buy 'em a Pickl'd-Herring to their Wedding-Dinner? They are like to have a comfortable State of it. The Dregs of the *Mobile*, the prophane Vulgar; the Man cries *Old Shoes or Hats*, and the Woman, *Long Thred Laces two a Penny*;

Penny; Beggars by Birth, and born to be no other as long as they live; and yet as needy as they are, they will be increasing and multiplying, and find the way as well as those of Thousands a year, to have a numerous stock of naked Brats; chargeable Blessings to those who have hardly where-withall to feed themselves; and yet most commonly they are more productive than Ladies of Quality. One trudges about the Streets crying *Bellows to mend*; another with his Ass and himself goes all the Day long from Door to Door to sell Vinegar; another sits all Day i' the Cold, selling Rotten Figs *a Ha'penny a pound*, and yet when they come home at Nights, without the help of Sheets and warm Coverlets get Boys and Girls, as if they had whole Territories at command; according to the *Dutch* Proverb, when a thing is done effectually, and to the purpose, *That is done, as Poor Men get Children*. Nay, suppose 'em to be a step higher, of the meaner sort of *Mechanicks*, that cut Tobacco, or carry the Milk-pail after their Wives; suppose him a Stiffner of Buckram, or some poor Weaver; yet if any of these prove idle and careless in their Callings, the craving Stomach of the hungry young Infant will weary them into a Remembrance of their Paternal Duty, to provide for their Offspring, since they were not so cautious to consider what they did before they went to clicketting.

Thus the poor miserable Father, after a long days tedious Drudgery, having been toiling and moiling some hours before the Sun appeared in our Hemisphere, and drudging on

till Day-light had been long shut in, at length comes home to give tired Nature some refreshment. But instead of that, he finds a Torment far more pinching than his Poverty. Down he sits at one end of the Room, munching the only Provision of his Cupboard, a piece of hard Cheese, and the remains of a coarse Brown Loaf; and at the other end, which is not above three yards off, he beholds his disconsolate Wife, sitting like the Picture of Ill-luck, or the deplorable prospect of Charity, with one Child sucking at her Breast, another in her Lap, a third wallowing upon the Floar, and a fourth grasping her knees, bawling for Bread, crying for Drink, rubbing and yawling to be undrest, which requires no great pains (a Charming piece of Musick to congratulate his Ears, a most ravishing Sound, enough to drive a Man out of his Wits, when he finds his repentance too late;) and thus you'll say the poor man, and the poor woman have their heads and their hearts full. God help 'em, the man rocks the Cradle, and the woman deals her miserable Doles to the craving Bantlings; and all little enough to satisfie the restless hunger of growing Stomachs.

This is a sad manner of Living 'tis true, and therefore you think the Man repents him of his Bargain. But alas, he knows no better, and Custom is a second Nature. He is as contented with his Hardship, as a Duke with all his Pomp and Gallantry. There are Pleasures in Misery, Pleasures in Nastiness, Pleasures in Poverty, more than in all the

Wealth

Wealth of *Crœsus*. This Man is freed from the Persecutions of envy, malice and hatred, and should a Forcign Enemy Conquer the Land, he's but where he was. He fears neither Plundering nor Sequestrations; and then his Children in a few years are able to shift for themselves, like the Beasts of the Field. Should Cats and Sows, Coneys and Hares, require Estates to bring up their young ones, what vast Revenues ought they to have, that bring so many into the World at a Time. What says the Proverb? God never sends Mouths, but he provides Meat. *Romulus*, *Remus* and *Orson*, never troubled their Parents for Nurse-hire, new Coats, or first or second Shoes, and yet the two first built the *Mistress of the World*, and the other became a Famous Champion. So that it is not Poverty that makes Marriage unpleasant, but the uneasiness of Penury to those that are unable to bear it.

But suppose the poor Man be sensible of his Condition, and that he begin to find poor Wedlock uncomfortable; what then? Why then his Charges still increasing, and his pitiful Trade decaying, he takes heart a grace, and resolves for the future to live as merry a Life as he can, quite out of the Noise; to turn Good-Fellow, and frequent the Tippling-houses more, and his Calling less than ever.

Now what of all this? If the Man be but so Ingenious as to learn the true Knack of *All Fears*, he may get his Drink, and a Penny-roll too into the Bargain, and sit merry i' the Ale-house

Ale-house till the Bell-man cry *Past two a Clock*, and *a Star-light Morning*. But you'll say he must go home i'the Morning; at least if he cann't go, he must reel home with emptiness in his Pocket: However his heart is light, and that's the main business of all. But then you'll say comes the Torment of Torments; for his Wife, a Domestick indeed, but a Creature sometimes as untameable as a Lyoness, gives him a *Reveille?* far lowder than a Morning Drum. Well *Thomas*, quo she, dost thou think I am able to endure this curs'ed Life? Hickup——quo he. Canst thou think that I will be thus confin'd at home with a parcel of Children about my Ears, without Bread or Drink to put in their Bellies——Hickup——quo he——while you are Roguing abroad all day and all night, with a company of Sots no better than your self. ——Hickup again——By my truly I am not able to bear it any longer——I'm resolved to go abroad too, and let who will provide for the Children————Peace *Dell*——Hickup again————quo he——I shall find out your haunts——and then I'll come and rout you, and your Pot-Companions; see if I don't——Now, what of all this————The poor Man has washed away all Sorrow from his Liver; and what cares he for a little scolding? He's up betimes the next Morning, and so the World goes merrily with him; let home take care for it self; 'tis so poor and mean, 'tis not worth his Trouble. Or if he be a surly Fellow, and quarrelsome in his Drink, then he lays his brawny Arms

upon her, and thumps her back for the misbehaviour of her Tongue. For the Vulgar of *England* are plaguy Learned; and know their Privilege by Creation, and the Law of Nature, as well as the Parson of the Parish.

And now the poor Man is become irrecoverably lost, he minds neither his Calling nor his Home; he doats upon *All Fours*, to which he is so bewitched, that he Dreams of nothing but *Jack* and *Uppermost*, and for the Rest he crys, *the Parish is bound to find us.* Or if he do work a little, 'tis only to work himself into Credit in the Ale-house by now and then rubbing off the old Scores.

But now the poor Woman at home, seeing her self exposed to utter desolation, beyond the relief of Charity abroad; for tho' your poor women are very miserable, yet they are very lazy, and hate work as they hate the Devil. They will not touch a Mop or Rubbing-brush, unless they may be re-inforced now and then with a Cup of good Ale; I say, this lazy beggarly Quean seeing her self deserted by her Husband, resolves to be as good as her word, and to find him out if he be above Ground; and at last, either by Information or Accident, (for women are mere Devils at Conjectures of this nature,) she hits the Scent, and follows it so close, that in she's comes, with a *Where's my Husband?* Your Husband quo' the Woman o'the House, who's he? *Goodman such a One.* Oh! he's i'the *Fox*—— and always is I think, quo his Wife: Away she goes and enters in the Name of Legion. The Man, who thought of nothing less than

such a surprize, sneaks up their Devil's books, and finding no other remedy, calls in for a fresh Pot. But nothing more enrages her, than to see some dirty Doxy tittering in the company. At her she lets fly whole Volleys of Jades, Bitches, Whores, and would have been at her Quoit too, but that the Man prevented her. But seeing she cannot have her revenge that way, she sends a showre of Candlesticks, Black-Pots, and Tobacco-Pipes at her Husband's head, who takes all patiently for the present, because the Peace is carefully kept by the Standers-by. Now what of all this? This is all natural, and where things run in a natural Course, never let a Man trouble himself to disturb the Order of Nature. Men of Breeding love to live at quiet with their Wives: but the Rabble love this hoggish brawling, brangling life of necessity. 'Tis the nature of some beasts that they cannot copulate without making a hideous noise, and what a spluttering and spitting, and scratching, and biting, and grouling and wauling do Cats keep in the height of their Caresses. If men and women will be beasts, who can help it? And if they will marry, they must be allowed their Conjugal Delights as well as others. Should not poor People get Children and leave them to the Parish, what would become of one great Member of Charity; there would be no Foot-Soldiers to be squandered away in War; Gentlemen would want Foot-Boys (for 'tis impossible they should get sufficiently for the whole Nation themselves.) The Merchants

would want Carr-men and Porters; and in a word, if these poor People were not bad Husbands the Hospitals would want Blue-coats, and the Plantations want People.

XVII. *Of Charms and Philtres, what they are, and the wonderful Effects wrought by them.*

WE are now come to a sort of People both men and women, that to satisfie their enflamed desires, make their Addresses to the Devil, or his Ministers, which is the same thing, either for the Procuration of Affection, or to revenge themselves for the Scorns and Slights of those that refuse their Courtship; or to re-inforce Nature, when exhausted by the Excess of Venereal Combats.

'Tis a hard matter to root out of the Minds of young People, what they have suck'd in with their Mother's Milk. So that you may sooner make them believe the Moon to be made of a Milk-bowl, than make them unbelieve those Fables which their Nurses instill into their Tender breasts.

Tell Persons of this Humour, a little before they are going to be married, that you intend to prevent their sport upon the Wedding-night, by tying a knot upon their Cod-piece points, and the Fools, bigotted to Enchantment, shall receive such an Impression of the Enchantment in their minds, that the Operation of their Fancies shall hinder the Operation of their Weapons.

Which

Which happened to a certain Cooper that wrought at a Gentleman's House in the Country, who having told Tales of the Gentleman's Son to his Father, the unlucky Stripling to revenge himself of the Cooper, who was to be Married in a short time, made him believe that he would knit his Cod-piece point upon his Wedding-night; bragging withal, what other strange Things he could do. Which Threats of the young Lad, who was look'd upon by the Cooper as a Scholar, and one that studied the Black Art, made such a deep Impression in the Cooper's Mind, that 'twas above a Month after the Wedding, before he could Accomplish his Marriage. Sometimes he had a desire, but then the Imagination of the Witchcraft, cooled his Courage as fast. So that his Wife, who was a brisk young Girl, and finding her self strangely disappointed in the first Fruits of her Conjugal Duty, began to have an Aversion for him, and in disdain of his Imbecillity, gave out that he was bewitched. Thereupon, the poor Cooper was frump'd, jear'd, and hiss'd at, by all his Companions in the Parish, insomuch, that he began to think the World was at an end with him; till the young Scholar making him sensible of the Infirmity of his Pate, rather then his Cod-piece, restor'd him after Twenty-eight days Enchantment to his first Activity.

There are other Trifles, which some Folks, to make themselves sport, insinuate into the Brains of Shallow-brain'd People; as when they prescribe the Leaves of St. *John's-Wort*, and *Rue*, gathered in the Night-time, to be sowed

in a Linnen-bag, with a Needle that has been used for the Shrouds of dead People, and hung about a young Virgin's Neck, with the Sinew of a Wolf to preserve her Maiden-head; or certain *Ephesian* Characters written with the Blood of a Bat, and hung about the young Married Woman's Neck for the same purpose: of spitting three times in the Dust, or in the VVoman's Bosom, and murmuring certain cramp VVords, at the same time that the Priest pronounces the words, *Conjungo vos.* On the other side, there are others that to prevent the force of these Enchantments will direct the Persons so infatuated to grease the Door of the Nuptial Chamber with the Fat of a VVolf, or Black Dog, or to tie the Testicles of a Cock to the Bed-posts; or to strew Beans cut in halves in the Chamber; but these are all Idle Fables of Old VVomen, which they that believe, deserve to be coax'd out of their Money and their VVits too.

The same is to be said, as to the Impostures of Judicial Astrologers, who have as much Dominion over the Conjunctions of Men and VVomen, as over the Conjunctions of the Stars.

But as for Provocatives and Philtres, Experience confirms the use of them to be most prevalent. *Circe* and *Medea* were Famous for those sort of Brewages, and *Mark Anthony* found the good Effects of them by the Instructions of his Friend *Scranus*, to satisfie the inordinate Desires of his Mistress *Cleopatra*. And the modern Story of the Trades-man, that went a dunning to the Lord, and received his

Payment

-ayment in a lusty Mornings draught, sufficiently testifie the virtue of those mixtures. How did *Livia* handle poor *Drusus* by the Villanous cunning of that Emperick *Endemus*? How did *Messalina* lie in Common, and bring poor *Claudius* to ruin, by the private help of *Vistius Valentius* a most subtil Catterpillar of an Emperick. But if men or woman will be too busie with these Potions, 'tis not the fault of Matrimony but the folly of them that make too excessive use of them, which brings them to untimely Repentance. Tho' sometimes they may serve a man in great stead, when having quarrelled with his Wife without a Cause, he desires Reconciliation. Then let him take a moderate Dose, and he shall find a double Pleasure, not only Pleasures of Matrimony, but of the renewed Amity with his Wife.

And thus we have run through all the Pleasures of, in, and about Matrimony, wherein we find nothing that deserves so many loud Out-cries against it; so we cannot but look upon these Murmurers against it, to be only such as care not for the Fetters of Ceremony; a loose sort of People, that reject all Laws of convenience, when repugnant to their own Appetites. And therefore since we cannot live without Matrimony, nor propagate the World without it, we must look upon those who thus exclaim against it, and cry it down, as the Enemies of Mankind.

FINIS.

There are lately Printed for Henry Rhodes, *at the Star, the corner of* Bride-lane, Fleet-ſtreet, *theſe following Books*, viz.

THE *Family Dictionary*, or *Houſhold Companion*: Wherein are Alphabetically laid down choice Phyſical Receipts for Preſervation of Health, and curing Diſeaſes. Alſo, Directions for making Ointments, Cordial Waters, Lozenges, Phyſical Ales, *&c.* The Virtues of Herbs, Fruits, Flowers, Roots *&c.* Directions for Cookery, in dreſſing Fleſh, Fiſh, Fowls, and making Jellies, *&c.* The Art of Paſtry, Preſerving, Candying, Confectioning, *&c.*, The way of making Perfumes, Beautifying Waters, Waſhes, Sweet-Balls, *&c.* Alſo, of making all ſorts of Engliſh Wines, as Currants, Cherries, Gooſeberries, and Cyder, Mead, Metheglin, *&c.* The Myſtery of Pickling and Carving: And many other uſeful Matters. *Octavo.* Price 3 *s.*

2. *Voyages and Travels over Europe*: Containing all that is moſt Curious in that Part of the World. In *Twelves.*

3. *The Preſent Court of Spain*; or, The Modern Gallantry of the Spaniſh Nobility unfolded in ſeveral Hiſtories, and 75 Love-Letters, *&c.* By an Ingenious Lady. In *Twelves.*

4. *The Royal Miſtreſſes of France*: Or, The Secret Hiſtory of the Amours of all the French Kings, from *Pharamond* the Firſt Monarch, *Anno* 418, to this preſent time. In *Octavo.*

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in

in the Court of *England*, as in all the Courts of *Europe*, to advance the great Designs of their Master, &c. Done out of French. In Two Parts. *Twelves.*

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